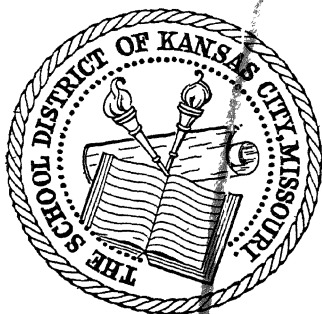




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EARLY ENGLISH POETRY,  
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OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

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VOL. XIV.

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M.DCCC.XLIV.



THE POEMS

U2

JOHN AUDELEY.

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A SPECIMEN OF THE SHROPSHIRE DIALECT  
IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

---

EDITED BY  
JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S.

F.S.A., HON. M.R.I.A., HON. M.R.S.L., ETC.

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M.DCCC.XLIV.





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## PREFACE.

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AMONG the *capellani* of the quiet monastery of Haghmon, at the commencement of the fifteenth century, lived one, a truly penitent and righteous monk, who atoned for the excesses of his early life by the devotion of an enthusiast, and called the priesthood to their duty by the voice of literature, even during the afflictions of the blind and the deaf. He was no Lollard. A pious priest, denouncing the opinions of Wickliffe, teaching that dissent and heresy would assuredly lead to damnation, he was yet well aware that the return of the leaders of his religion to their early discipline, was the only chance left for restoring orthodoxy. His name was John Audelay, or Awdlay, as the name is spelt different ways in the same manuscript.

A selection from the poems of this somewhat remarkable writer, is presented to the reader in the following pages. The original MS. formerly belonged to Farmer, and is now in Mr. Douce's

collection. We have printed only a small portion of it; for the MS. is scarcely worthy of being published entire, and is, indeed, principally valuable as exhibiting a faithful specimen of the Salopian dialect at so early a period. The greater portion appears to form part of one work, the MS. being unfortunately imperfect; but the following colophon is found about the middle of it:—

“Finito libro, sit laus et Gloria Christo!

Liber vocatur concilium concieencie sic nominatur,

Aut scala celi et vita salutis eterni.

Iste liber fuit compositus per Johannem Awdelay, capellanum, qui fuit secus et surdus, in sua visitacione, ad honorem Domini nostri Jhesu Christi, et ad exemplum aliorum, in monasterio de Haghmon, anno Domini millesimo cccc.<sup>mo</sup> vicessimo vi.<sup>to</sup> cujus anime propicietur Deus. Amen.”

In the following lines, which are found immediately before the colophon, he expresses, somewhat feelingly, the afflictions under which he laboured, and the inspiration of his muse:—

“As I lay seke in my langure,

In an abbay here be west,

This boke I made with gret dolour,

When I myzt not slep ne have no rest;

Offt with my prayers I me blest,

And sayd hilé to heven kyng,

I knowlache, Lord, hit is the best

Mekele to take thi vesetyng,  
 Ellis wot I wil that I were lorne,  
 Of al lordis be he blest !  
 Fore al that ȝe done is fore the best,  
 Fore in thi defawte was never mon lost,  
 That is here of womon borne.

“Mervel ȝe not of this makying,  
 Fore I me excuse, hit is not I;  
 This was the Holé Gost wercheng,  
 That sayd these wordis so faythfully;  
 Fore I quoth never bot hye folý,  
 God hath me chastyst fore my levying !  
 I thong my God my grace treuly  
 Fore his gracious vesityng.  
 Beware, seris, I ȝoue pray,  
 Fore I mad this with good entent,  
 In the reverens of God omnipotent;  
 Prays fore me that beth present,  
 My name is Jon the blynd Awdlay.”

In another place, in nearly the same words, he apparently alludes to the errors of his earlier years :—

“Mervel ȝe noȝt of this makying,  
 Fore I me excuse, hit is not I,  
 Fore this of Godis oun wrytyng,  
 That he send down fro heven on hye,  
 Fore I couth never bot he folý;  
 He hath me chastist for my levying.  
 I thonk my God my grace treuly,  
 Of his gracious vesetyng.”

Nearly all Audelay's poems that have descended

to us are of a religious cast, and partake of much sameness. The following lines on King Henry VI are an exception, and by no means an unfavourable specimen of his poetical talents :—

De rege nostro Henrico sexto.

“ A ! perles pryns, to the we pray,  
 Save our kyng both nyzt and day !  
 Fore he is ful 3ong, tender of age,  
 Semelé to se, o bold corage,  
 Lovelé and lofté of his lenage,  
     Both perles prince and kyng veray ;  
 His gracious granseres and his grawndame,  
 His fader and moderis of kyngis thay came,  
 Was never a worthier prynce of name,  
     So exelent in al our day.  
 His fader fore love of mayd Kateryn,  
 In Fraunce he wrozt turment and tene,  
 His love hee sayd hit schuld not ben,  
     And send him ballis him with to play.  
 Then was he wyse in wers withalle,  
 And tazt Franchemen to plai at the ball,  
 With tenes hold he ferd ham halle,  
     To castelles and setis thei floynd away.  
 To Harflete a sege he layd anon,  
 And cast a bal unto the towne ;  
 The Frenchemen swere be se and sun,  
     Hit was the fynd that mad that fray !  
 Anon thai toke ham to cownsele,  
 Oure gracious kyng thai wold asayle,  
 At Agyncourt at that batayle  
     The floure of Frawnce he fel that day.  
 The kyng of Frawnce then was agast,

Mesagers to him send in hast,  
Fore wele he west hit was bot wast

Hem to withstond in honé way ;  
And prayd hym to sese of his outrage,  
And take Kateryn to mareage,  
Al Frawnce to him schuld do homage,  
And croune him kyng afftyr his day.  
Of Frawnce he mad him anon regent,  
And wedid Kateren in his present ;  
Into Englund anon he went,

And cround our quene in ryal aray.  
Of quen Kateryn our kyng was borne,  
To save our ryzt that was fore-lorne,  
Oure faders in Frawns had won beforene,

Thai han hit hold moné a day.  
Thus was his fader a conqueroure,  
And wan his moder with gret onoure,  
Now may the kyng bere the floure  
Of kyngis and kyngdams in uche cuntré !  
On him schal fal the prophecé,  
That hath ben sayd of kyng Herré,  
The holé cros wyn or he dye,

That Crist habud on good Fryday ;  
Al wo and werres he schal acese,  
And set alle reams in rest and pese,  
And turne to Christyndam al hevynes,

Now grawnt him hit so be may !  
Pray we that Lord is Lord of alle,  
To save our kyng his reme ryal,  
And let never myschip uppon him falle,

Ne false traytoure him to betray !  
I pray youe, seris, of your gentré,  
Sing this carol reverently,  
Fore hit is mad of kyng Herré,

Gret ned fore him we han to pray!  
 3if he fare wele, wele schul we be,  
 Or ellis we may be ful soré;  
 Fore him schal wepe moné an e;  
 Thus prophecis the blynd Awdlay."

Among the other portions of the MS. may be noticed an account of St. Paul's journey to the regions of the wicked; a prayer to St. Francis; a curious alliterative poem somewhat defaced, entitled "De tribus regis;" and a copy of the poem commencing "De mundus militat," which has been printed by Mr. Wright in his edition of Walter Mapes, p. 147. The MS. concludes with the following lines, which inform the reader that he may have a copy on condition that he will pray for the author's soul:—

"Cujus finis bonus ipsum totum bonum,  
 Finito libro, sit laus et gloria Christo!  
 No mon this book he take away,  
 Ny kutt owte noo leef, y say for why;  
 For hyt ys sacrelege, sirus, y 3ow say,  
 [He] beth acursed in the dede truly;  
 3ef 3e wil have any copi,  
 Askus leeve and 3e shul have,  
 To pray for hym specialy,  
 That hyt made 3our soules to save,  
 Jon the blynde Awdelay;  
 The furst prest to the Lord Strange he was,  
 Of thys chauntré here in this place,  
 That make thys bok by Goddus grace,



Deeff, siek, blynd, as he lay,  
Cujus anime propicietur Deus."

With regard to the dialect in which these poems are written, it would be both difficult and unsatisfactory to make a comparison of them with the present language of Shropshire. Mr. Hartshorne has exhibited the modern Salopian dialect very fully; but the similarities are not very easily perceptible. The tendency to turn *o* into *a*, and to drop the *h*, may be recognized in the following pages, as *ald* for *hold*, &c. *I* is still turned into *e*, which may be regarded one of Audelay's dialectical peculiarities, especially in the prefixes to the verbs; but the *ch* for *sh* or *sch*, so common in Audelay, has not found a place in Mr. Hartshorne's glossary. There is much uncertainty in reasoning on the early provincial dialects, owing to the wide difference between the broad and the more polished specimens of the language of the same county; and the present work can be by no means considered as affording an example of the broadest and purest early Salopian dialect.

Nothing seems to be known of Audelay beyond the little that the sole existing MS. of his poems has recorded; and we have already selected all the biographical information to be derived from that source. The MS. Bodl. 546, formerly belonged

to one John Audelay, whose name occurs in several places, but although of nearly the same period, it may be doubted whether this person was the Shropshire poet. It may also be added that a very good account of the contents of the MS. of Audlay's poems is given in the recent Catalogue of Douce's MSS., a collection now deposited in the Bodleian library. The ruins of Haghmon Monastery, the place of the poet's abode, still remain, and are, we believe, the property of John Corbet, Esq.

J. O. HALLIWELL.

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## POEMS OF JOHN AUDELAY.

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### I.

\* \* \* \* \*

In hel ne purgatore non other plase,  
Thes synnes wold make 3ou schamyd and schent,  
And lese 3our worchyp in erth and grace.  
Al day withene sene thou has  
Hou men bene slayne fore dedlé synne,  
And han vengans fore here trespace,  
Both lyve and goodes that lesyn then  
by londys law.  
3if thai had kept Cristis comaundment,  
Thai schuld never be schamyd ne chent,  
Ne lost here lyfe, ne lond, ne rent,  
nouthur hongud ne draw.

Hel is not ordent fore ry3twyseme[n],  
Bot fore hom that here serven the fynd;  
No more ys a preson of lyme and ston,  
Bot to hom that the lausys thai done offend.  
Fore wyckyd dedys makys thevys i-schent,  
Hye on galouys fore to heng,

Ther ryȝtwyse men thai han god end ;  
Fore thay bene treue in here leuyng,  
trust wel therto.

He that levys here rygtwysly,  
On what dey that ever he dy,  
His soul never schal ponyschyd be,  
ne never wyt of wo.

The syn of sodomi to heven  
 Hit crysen on God Almyzt;  
 And monslaȝt with a rewful steven  
 Hit askys vengans day and nyȝt;  
 Extorceyons aȝayns the ryȝt,  
 And huyrus that with wrong holdon be,  
 Damnacion to ham hit is y-dyȝt  
 That usyn these, and avowteré,  
 everychon.

These synnys a mon thai done blynde,  
Fore thai be done azayns kynde,  
And bene the werkys of the fynde  
of damnacion.

Thre-synns princypaly a man doth mare,  
Murthyr, theft, and avoutré ;  
Thai wyl 3ou schend ore 3e be ware,  
Be thai done never so prevely ;  
The fynd wyl schew ham hopunly,  
That al the werd schal have wyttyng ;  
Fore thai bene cursyd in leven on hye,  
Al that usus that cursid doying  
thai wyl be schent.

Fore morther Cayme cursud of God was he;  
And fore theft, thevys al day hongud thay be;  
For avoutré vengans had kyng Davé,  
fore brekyng of the sacrament.

Avoutré ne lechory men set not by,  
 To breke the bond of the sacrement ;  
 Thay schuld aby ful sekyrly  
 Bot thai have spase ham to repent.  
 Herefore, 3e curatis, 3e wyl be schent,  
 And pristis that bene lewyd in here levying,  
 Fore to this syn 3e done assent  
 With evyl ensampyl to other 3eveng :  
 and wretyn hit ys,  
 3e were chosen to chastyté,  
 To kepe 3our holy order and 3our degré  
 In perfyte love and charité,  
 and mend all other that done amys.

Kepe ȝoure wedloke, ȝe weddid men;  
 In paradyse God furst hit mad,  
 Betwene Adam and Eve with trew love then,  
 Both mon and wemon therwith to glad.  
 Therwith he is both plesud and payd,  
 ȝif hit be kept laufully :  
 Hym selfe was borne of a mayde,  
 To fulfyl that sacrement prinsypaly,  
into herth he come,  
 To make ther eyrus of heven blys,  
 That Lucefyr lost, and al hys,  
 Monkynd schal hyt aȝayne encrese  
or the day of dome.

Nou gif a woman maryd schal be,  
     Anoon sche schal be bozt and sold ;  
 Hit is fore no love of hert treuly,  
     Bot fore covetyse of lond or gold.  
 This is Goddis wyl and his lau wolde  
     Evan of blood, evan good, evan of age ;  
 Fore love together thus cum thai schal be,  
     Fore this makus metely maryage,  
                                 herein alwyse.  
 Thai schal have ayrs ham betwene,  
 That schal have grace to thryve and thene ;  
 Thother schul have turment and tene  
                                 fore covetyse.

Ther is no cryatour, as wreton y fynde,  
     Save only mon that doth outrage ;  
 Thai chesun here makus of here honne kynd,  
     With treasore makun here mareage.  
 Nou a ladé wyl take a page,  
     Fore no love, bot fore fleschely lust ;  
 And al here blood dysparage,  
     This lordys and lordschips thay ben i-lost  
                                 in moné a place.  
 Lordys and lordchypus thay wastyn away,  
 That makys false ayris, hit is no nay,  
 And wele and worchyp fore ever and ay,  
                                 onour and grace.

Now gif that a man he wed a wyfe,  
     And hym thynke sche plese hym nozt,  
 Anon ther rysis care and stryfe ;

He wold here selle that he had boȝt,  
 And schenchypus here that he hath soȝt,  
 And takys to hym a loteby.  
 These bargeyn wyl be dere aboȝt,  
 Here ore henns he schal aby.

He is foresworne,  
 When he as chosyn hyr to his make,  
 And plyȝt here trowth to here y-take,  
 Hy schuld never here foresake,  
 even ne morne.

Aȝayns al this remedy I fynde,  
 Forsake ȝoure syn, y ȝou pray ;  
 To God and mon loke ȝe be kynde,  
 To heven ther is [no] nother way.  
 And make amendis wyle that ȝe may,  
 ȝif ȝe wyl have remysson,  
 God ȝe most both plese and pay,  
 Or ellus have damnacion,  
 wyle ye han space.  
 Thus graciously says the kyng of blys,  
 ȝeff ȝe wyl mend that ȝe do mysse,  
*Nolo mortem peccatoris,*  
 ȝe schul have grace.

In what order or what degré  
 Holé cherche hath bound ye to,  
 Kepe hit wel, I counsel ye ;  
 Dyssyre thou never to go therfro.





I wyl declare ham oponlé ;  
Thai schul be schewed ful petuysly  
At domysday at Cristis cumyng,  
Ther God and mon present schal be,  
And al the world on fuyre brennyng,  
a reuful aray :  
Then wele is hym, and wele schal be,  
That doth these workys with peté,  
He schal have grace and mercé  
on domysday.

The hungré gif mete, the thorsté gif dryng,  
Cleth the nakyd, as I ye say ;  
Vysyte the seke, in prisen lying,  
And beré the ded, as I the pray ;  
And herbere the pore that goth be the way,  
And teche the unwyse of thi cunnyng ;  
Do these werkys both nyzt and day,  
To Goddis worchip and his plesyng ;  
this is his wylle.  
Ever have this in thy mynd,  
To the pore loke thou be kynd,  
Then in heven thou schalt hit fynd,  
thou schalt never spyl.

Thi .v. wyttis thou most know,  
Thonke thi God that land ham the ;  
Thi heryng, thi seyng, as I the schewe,  
Thi syzt, thi smellyng, here be .iiij. ;  
Thi touchyng, thi tastyng, here .v. ther be,









And kepe the comawndments of Crist, this deuté most  
thai doo,

with devocion.

Fore thai beth ayres of heven blys,  
The fader of heven hath grauntid ham this,  
ʒif thai wyl mend that thai do mys,  
to have remyssyon.

*Sapientia hujus mundi stultitia apud Dominum.*

Alas ! ale the wyt of this word fallus to foly,  
Thus sayth Sapyens forsoth in the boke of lyfe ;  
He has wysdom and wyt, I tel ʒow trewly  
That can be ware or be won, and leve in clene lyve.  
Who mai kepe hym unkyt fro a kene knyfe,  
ʒif he boldly that blad touche in his tene ;  
No more may a mon here, maydon ne wyfe,  
Plese God unto his pay bot his consyans be clene ;  
ensaumpyl I make,  
Who may here serve a lorde,  
Bot ʒif he hold hym fo[r]warde  
He getys never reward,  
y dare undertake.

*Si quis diligit me, sermonem meum servabit.*

He that sayth he lovys his Lord, on hym take good eme,  
And kepus not his comawndmentes as a Crystyn mon,  
Leve he is a lyere, his dedis thai done hym deme  
Fore he schuld walkethe same wayes his Lord had  
i-gone.

Ellys lely hit is loke that treusone ys thier non,  
Fore he schuld sew his soferayns, and his saucour ;  
This may ge kyndle know hit is treu as ane ston,  
He lese al his lyve-days, and his labour,  
and stondis in gret drede,  
He that is untreu to his lorde,  
Outher in dede or in word,  
The law wyl hym reward  
deth to his mede.

Vox populi vox Dei.

I Marcol the more sole, mon, on my mad wyse,  
 I send the brod Salamon to say as I here,  
 Hou homlé hosbondmen here hertys thai aryse,  
 Thai woldon thai wro3ton wysely that schuld ham  
 lede and lere.  
 Do thi message mekely to pryst and to frere,  
 Thai are the lanternys of lyf ye lend men to ly3t,  
 Bot thai be ca3t with covetyse, with conscious unclere,  
 A3eyns the lauyis of here Lord reson and ry3t,  
 hit is no3t unknow ;  
 Comawnd hem in al wyse,  
 Never on other dai dar dyspyse,  
 Fore here cursid covetyse  
 here horne is e-blaw.

Ubi est thesaurus tuus, ibi et cor tuum erit.

Counsel ham fro covetyse, cursid mat he be,  
 He wyl hem lede to here lost and lyke to be lore,  
 3if thai fowyn his fare thai fallyn to foly,  
 He wyl ham gyde gylfulley, and goo hem before.





We were put in paradise to have wele withoutyn woo,  
 Hent we had unblest brokyn the commaundmentis of  
 our kyng,

That is lord of all lordys, were bene oné moo,  
 That mai us salve of oure sore oure botyng to us bryng?  
 that lord be he blest !

I rede 3e draun to 3our kyng,  
 Fore one lust or lykyng,  
 Pray hem with here prechyng,  
 to set mon soule in rest.

*Filius non portabit iniquitatem patris, etc. Sed unusquisque  
 onus suum portabit.*

What was Abel the worse tha3 Kayme his borne broder  
 Were cursid for his covetyse and his creuel dede ;  
 No more ys a good prest the worse fore another,  
 That wyl love his Lord God, hym serve and drede.  
 Make moche of a good mon, on hym take good hede,  
 Loke ye bite not bayard for bryd ne for brend ;  
 As a sete may be savyd and schal the better spede,  
 Thro3 the prayere of a good prist, an holé and an hynd,  
 that kepys his ordore ;

He whot never hou sone  
 God wyl here his bone,  
 And al that here wele done,  
 heryd ys here prayoure.

*Declinate a me, maligni, etc.*

3if ther be a pore prest, and spiritual in spiryt,  
 And be devout, with devocioun his servyse syng and say,  
 Thay likon hym to a lossere, and to an epocryte,  
 3if he be besé in his bedus the prynce of heven to pay,



God of his gret grace graunt hem that beth gulté  
 Here mysse and here mysdedus to mend here therfore;  
 And let hem never fore here lust, Lord, be forelore,  
 But send sorewe in here hert here synnus to slake,  
 Into thi curte and thi kyngdam Lord hem restore;  
 From al temtacioun and tene the Treneté us take,  
 his hestis to fulfyl.

Here schul 3e here anon  
 Of men of releyyon,  
 What lyfe thay leedon,  
 Goddus heest to fulfyl.

*Religio munda et immaculata. Hoc est preceptum meum ut  
 diligatis invicem.*

I move these mater to monkys in a meke maner,  
 And to al releygious, that beth i-blest by Goddis  
 ordynans;  
 Forst Saynt Benet hom enformyd to kepe hem cloyster,  
 In povert and in prayerys, in privé penaws,  
 And to abeyd abstinens and forsake abundans,  
 To sle the lust of hore lycam, and hore lykyng,  
 And obey obedyans and kepe observans:  
 Both in cloystyr and in quere holdyth sylens fore ane  
 thyng,  
 and to God and mon be kynde;  
 And ryse at midnyg3t out of here ryst,  
 And pray fore here gooddeers as bred i-blest,  
 And depert here almys lest hit be lest,  
 fore the founders that hem fynd.

Fore in the rewle of relygious ther may 3e rede,  
 Hou the graceous goodys of God schuld be spend,

Uche preson schuld have his part after that he had ned,  
 And cast hital in comyn the goodys that God ham send;  
 And leve not lyke leud men, fore schame, lest 3e be schent,  
 That steren stryf and wrath because of covetyng.  
 3e schuld have no propurté, on the pore hit schuld be  
 spend;  
 And hold up 3oure houshold and 3oure housyng,  
 and let hem not adoune;  
 And herbore the pore *per charyté*,  
 And 3ef mete and dreng to the nedé,  
 And cumforl hem that woful be,  
 ellis be 3e no relegyon.

Servite Domino in timore, et exultate ei cum tremore.  
 Both in cloyster and in quere when that thai syng and  
 rede,  
*Aperte et distincte* han mynd for ham thay pray,  
 And kepun her pausus and her poyntes, elles myzt thai  
 gete no mede,  
 Fore thus sayth here sovereyns sothely to say :  
 Mi pepyl praysy me with here lyppus, here hertis ben  
 far away;  
 Fore thai be ca3t with covetyse, that schal ham cast  
 in care,  
 To the worchip of this world thai wryn fro me away,  
 Thai han no lykyng ne no lust to lerne apon my lare;  
 to me thai beth unkynd,  
 Azayns my gret goodnes  
 Thai chewyn me unbuxumnes,  
 And I graunt ham fore3ifnes,  
 thai have not this in mynd.

Thus he provys 3oure prayers and 3our spir[it]ualté ;  
 For when 3e prayn to 3our God, 3e spekyn with hym  
     in spirit,  
 And 3if 3e reden in holé wryt he speke a3ayn with the,  
     Remembyr 3ouredely when 3e red, that may 3e wyl wyt;  
 Take knowlache at 3oure consians, fore ther hit is y-knyt;  
     Thus sayth Marke sothely, Mathou, Louke, and Jon,  
 No mon mese in this mater ny in Holy Wryt,  
     For al the iiij. doctors acordon al in hon,  
                                 and clerkys of deveneté,  
 Thai conferme the same,  
 And comawndon in Cristis name,  
 Holé wryt no mon blame,  
                                 hit is Goddis priveté.

*Beatus qui intelligit super egenum et pauperem.*

Fayne mai be the fadyrs and al the fonders,  
     That sustyne or sokere relygious in one way ;  
 And so mai be sothli al here good doars,  
     That prayn for hom besyly both nyzt and day.  
 When 3our care is y-cluggun and caste into clay,  
 Hore matyns, here masse fore ham thai red and syng,  
 When al the welth of this world is went from hem away,  
     Then the bedis of holé cherche thai beth abydyng,  
                                 fore ever and for ay.  
 And do 3ou dredles out of drede,  
 Thai schal have Heven to here mede,  
 That socures relygious at nede,  
                                 her in ane way.



Do fore youre self or ze gone,  
Trust not to another mon,  
Ellus med of God get ze non,  
                    bot then ze be e blest.

Qui perseveraverit usque in finem, hic salvus erit.

Redelé these releygos men schul have hyȝ reward,  
 ȝif thai kepyn her cloyster and here comawndment ;  
 Fore one foning of the fynd fulfyl ȝour forward,  
 And castis awai covetyse that is cause of cumberment,  
 And kepe ȝoue clene in chastyté, to charité asent.  
 What sad ȝour soveren to his dyssiples when he dyd  
 wesche hem,  
 And knelud lowly apon his knen to-fore his blessid covent,  
 And be-toke hom this tokyn, *diligatis invicem* ?  
 As I have lovȝd ȝow,  
 Then joyful schal ȝe be,  
 For in my kyngdom ȝe schul me se,  
 And sit apon my dome with me,  
 my counsel schal ȝe knowe.

Withdraw 3e not from holé cherche, 3our faderes han  
3even before  
To the prelatis and the prystis fore hom fore to pray;  
Bot 3e han grace of God hit to restore,  
3e schul 3ild a carful counte on dredful domys-day.  
Y rede 3e mend 3our mysdedus here wyle 3e may,  
And let no cursid counsel cast 3ou in care;  
Fore al the worchyp of this word hit wyl wype sone  
away,

Hit fallus and fadys forth so doth a cheré fayre,  
     Thenke wel on this ;  
 Thai bene acursid be Goddis law,  
 The goodys of holé cherche that withdrawe,  
 That other han ȝeven in holdoun dais,  
     to mayntyn Godys servyse.

*Quid prodest homini, si universum mundum lucretur.*

Thus have I cumford ȝou, covens, and counsel ȝou fro  
     care,

I rede ȝe obey obedyens that ȝe bene bowndon to ;  
 Then schul ȝe blis ȝour byrth and the bodyms that ȝoue  
     bare,

For ȝe forsake this wyckyd word to have wele with-  
     out woo.

This may ȝe know kyndle y fayth both frynd and fo,  
     Remember ȝou of the rychemen and redle on his end,  
 What is reches, his reverans, his ryot broȝt hym to,  
     Sodenle was send to hel with moné a foul fynde,  
     to serve ser Satanas ;

Fore to his God he was unkynd,  
 The lazar he had not in his mynd,  
 Fore worldys worchip hit com hym blynd,  
     therefore he syngys, alas !

*Humilitas est radix omnium virtutum.*

Ever have mekenes in your mynd, releyouse, I ȝou rede,  
     And use vertuys, and leve visibal vayne and vaneté,  
 Fore ȝif ȝe love ȝour Lord God his laus thai wyl ȝow  
     leede

Into his court and his coindom, were ys no vayn glorie,



That unſytting ſum forsothe al verteus hit duysty,  
Hit lad Lucyfer to him los that was an angel clere,  
God had claryfyd hym so clene of his cortesy,  
He syȝ the Trinytè apere within his body clere,  
then enterd in hym envy,  
Whan he hade seyne this gloryis syȝt,  
He wolde wrast hym his myȝt,  
Anoon he fel downe ryȝt  
into hel sodenly.

Qui se exaltat humiliabitur.

A sad ensampyl forsoth to al relygyous men,  
That bene cast with covetyse to be sit in hye astate ;  
Thai most hem ground furst in grace, hemselfe know  
and ken,  
Ellys the worchip of this world hit wyl sone abaté.  
3e most have mekenes and mercé, hy3nes of hert hate,  
And werche not hafter wylfulnes bot wysdam to 3oue  
cal ;  
After chec for the roke ware fore the mate,  
For 3if the fondment be false, the werke most nede  
falle.

withyn a lyty stounde.

No mon make a coveynour,  
Bot ȝif hit be to Godys honour,  
His worchip wyl fare as floure,  
and gud to grounde.

Non honorem sed onus accepere nomen honoris.

Ther is no worchyp wyt hit bot a gret charche,  
To take the name of a state and of hye honour;

Fore both to God and to mon thou most ned be large,  
 Fore thou art choson fore chif and made here cover-  
 nour.

Then lokethou groundethe in God and dredethi Saveoure,  
 That wyl cal the to thi countus, and to thi rekynnyng;  
 How thou hast done thi deuté and treuly thi devour,  
 And spend his goodys princypaly to his plesyng,  
 fore this most thou nede.

gif thou hast spend more fore the worde,  
 Then fore love of thi Lord,  
 The law wyl the reward  
 deth to thi mede.

*Concilium meum non est cum impiis.*

A foul defeaute feythfully in holé Cherche we fynde,  
 To let lordis or leudmen make electioun,  
 Thai schul not know 3our counsel, hit is a3ayn kynde,  
 Fore this cause Saynt Thomas soferd deth and passyon.  
 3our chapytre schuld be cownsel and confession;  
 And now boldly theryn thay man ne boy halle;  
 Thus these preletus of her prevelache thay deprevon,  
 There holy chirche was fre now thay make hit thral,  
 and lesen worchip and grace.  
 To let lord or leudmen,  
 Know of 3oure corexeon,  
 Ye men of releyon  
 beth cursid in that case.

*Leges meas custodite, dicit Dominus.*

3e schuld rather sofyre deth, payn, and passyon,  
 Then lese the love of 3oure Lord and let down his laue;

Corsid covetyse hit is the cause, prid, presomseon,  
 3e beth ungroundid in grace, 3our God 3e con not  
 knowe,  
 3ourdedusdemeys 3ouedredles, devocioun hit is withdraw,  
 3e han chasid away charité and the reule of relegyon;  
 Al gestlé grace and holenes hit is layd ful lowe,  
 Thus have 3e pot holé cherche to gret confusioun,  
 and made 3ourselvé thral.  
 Godys lauys 3e han suspend,  
 Herefore 3e wyl be schamyd and chend,  
 Bot ye han grace 3ou to amend,  
 ful dere aby 3e schal.

Quid prodest homini, si universum mundum lucretur.

Thenke on the cursid covetyse mon, that to hymself gon  
 say,  
 Ete and drenke, and make the meré,—this word is at  
 thi wyl.  
 A voyse onswerd hym anon, to-morw or hit be day,  
 Thi soule sodenly schal be send into the fouyre of hel,  
 Fore thou trustis more to thi tresoure and to thi catel,  
 Then in the love of thi Lord, that al thi wele hath  
 wro3t.  
 Thou carful caytyf the curst, hit is treu that I the tell,  
 Thou schuldyst thonke thi Lord God that with his  
 blod the bo3t;  
 to hym thou art unkynd,  
 Therefore damnyd schalt thou be,  
 Into hel perpetually,  
 Withoutyn grace and mercy  
 world withoutyn end.

*Qui vult venire post me abneget semetipsum.*

Bot he that wyl come after Crist,

And kyndlé bere his cros,

And crucefyé his caren with love and charyté,

Leve thou me that his love schal not turne to lesse,  
Both fore his meryd and hys mede rewardyd schal he be,

Ther is no tong that con tel, hert thenkene ye se,  
That joye, that jocundnes, that Jhesus wyl joyn hym to.

Ne the melodé, ne the myry minstrasye,  
Hit is without comparisoun wele withouten woo,  
and love that lastis ay.

That joy hit schal never sesse,

Bot ever endoyre and egever encrese;

Thus with rest and with pesse

I make a loveday.

*Pacem et veritatem diligite, ait Dominus omnipotens.*

My blessid broder Salamon, spesialy I the pray

Meve this mater maysterfully to prest and to frere,  
Spare not to say the soth and make a loveday

Loke thou core not favel ne be no flaterer.

I am hevvy in my hert and chaunget al my chere,

To wyt leud men unleryd laȝ ham to scorne,  
They were better unborne and broȝt on a bere,

Bot ȝif thai mend here mysdede y lykyn hem belorne  
and kepe charité.

Fore mon soule thai schuld save,

No spot of sun thai schuld have.

Alas ! I trou that thai rave,

Lord, benedycite !

Fore schryfte and fore trental thai scorne al this stryf,  
ȝif hit because of govetyse, cursud then thai be :

ȝif thai loven more here lucour then the soule lyve,  
 Lytul deynteth of here doctrine and of here dygnité.  
 For thai were chosun to be chast and kepe charyté,  
 And cast away covetys is cause of cumberment,  
 And be a clene kalender the sekeler on to see,  
 Ellys with chenchip and with chame thai wyll be  
     e-chent,  
                     thai stond in gret drede.  
 Pray ham al for charyté,  
 To save mon soule spesialy,  
 Ellys woful schal thay be  
                     for her falshede.

*Si linguis hominum loquar et angelorum, caritatem autem  
 non habeam.*

I say the, broder Salamon, tel in thi talkyng,  
 Furst of the frerys thus meve thou may,  
 Of here prevelache, and of here prayrys, and here prech-  
     ing,  
 And of here clergé and clannes and onest aray.  
 ȝif thou say not the soth, then may won say,  
 That thou art leud and unlerd and letter cansteth non;  
 ȝif thou touche the treuth, truly thou hem pray,  
 Fore to holde the excusid everichon,  
                     ȝif hit be here wyl.  
 I hold hit bot a leude thyng  
 Fore to make a lesyng,  
 To God hit his displesyng,  
                     outhur loud or styl.

*Vos amici mei estis, si feceritis quæ præcipio vobis.*  
 The furst founders of the freres of the iiij. ordyrs,  
 Weren iiij. be[rn]es i-blest of oure Saveour I say,

And be-tokyn here bokys and baggus to be beggers,  
 To preche the pepul apert the Prince of Heaven to  
     pay,  
 To heron, to beg, to put schame bothe away,  
 To by and to byle with here beggyng,  
 And pray for her good doerys both nyȝt and day,  
 That sendus ham here sustynans and her levying  
     here in this worlde.  
 Nyȝt and day contynualy,  
 Fore hom thai prayn spesealy,  
 In matyns, messe, and no more,  
     to her lovely lord.

*Petite et accipietis.*

Whosoever sparys fore to speke sparys for to spede,  
 And he that spekys and spedys noȝt, he spellys the  
     wynd;  
 I do ȝoue clene out of dout and dredles out of drede,  
 Better is to speke and sped then hold hit in mynd;  
 Foremoné hanne moné manners, and mony beth unkynd,  
 Unclene in here consyans because of covetyse.  
 Spek and have I the hete, seche and thou schalt fynd,  
 Ellys may thou fal in myschif and fare al amysse;  
     nyk not this with nay.  
 Asay thi frynd or thou have nede,  
 And of his answer take good hede,  
 Thou getyst no good withoutyn drede,  
     bot ȝif thou byd or pray.

*Quærite et invenietis.*

ȝif ye wyl ȝif ham of your good without beggyng,  
 Thai wold nowther begge ne borou, thus dare I say;

And fynd hem here houshold and here housyng,  
 Nouthur by ne byld I red ȝe asay;  
 Behold, syrus, apon here chyrche, now I ȝou pray,  
 Apon here bellys, on here bokys, and here byldyng,  
 Apon here prechyng, her prayes, her reverent aray,  
 Thai pase al other men in here governyng,  
 I whot hit is no nay.

Thai play not the fole,  
 Contenualy thai go to scole,  
 Lordys worchip han thai wole,  
 and poton folys away.

*Dignus est mercenarius mercede sua; ego autem mendicus sum  
 et pauper.*

Sum men sayn these selé frerys thai han no consyans,  
 A mon to take vii. salerys x. trental ȝif thai may,  
 And cast ham in a hogpoch togedur fore to daunce,  
 Hit ys no ferly thaȝ the folke in hom thai han no fay.  
 I lekyn ham to Judas that Crist he con betray,  
 Because of his covetyse he sold his soferayn;  
 So to begyle the selé pepul and greve God, weleaway!  
 Rededelé thai ben ravenowrys and non religyous men;  
 that schal han reuful sore.

Hit is ȝayns Godys ordenans  
 To covet more then ȝoure sustynans,  
 This makys debat and dystans,  
 and mend you, syrus, herefore.

*Ego autem mendicus sum et pauper.*

Sothly hit is wel be-set at my wetyng,  
 The grace and the goodness that men done hem here;  
 Hit provys wel apirt by here levyng,  
 To pot hom to povert in soche a manere.

3et thai makyn moné men ful mekusly chere,  
 With the grace and the goodys that God here hom  
 sende,  
 Wyselé and wytlé and wittlé the leud thai wyl here  
 Her mys and her mysdedis her to amende;  
 why schuld men be wroth?  
 Sethying God sendys hom of his sond,  
 Withoutyn ploȝ or londe,  
 Ore salere of kovenande,  
 mete, and drinke, and cloth.

*Fratres, nolumus vos ignorare veritatem.*

I wyl not faver ȝoue, frerys, with no flateryng,  
 ȝe were better unborn then fore to be to bolde;  
 Passe not ȝoure prevelage because of covetyng,  
 Fore this tale treulé apon ȝoue hit is told;  
 Of soche that knouen hom gulté agayns me thai wold,  
 And I repreve no presthod bot here leud levyng,  
 For to stond at a stake bren ther y wolde;  
 ȝif y say falslé at my wyttyng,  
 blynd as y am,  
 To me hit were a slawnder  
 To lye apon my broder,  
 I wold han fayne forther  
 but songe locum acam.

*Attendite a falsis prophetis.*

Beth faythful, ȝe frerys, in ȝourfay, le the ȝour flateryng.  
 Preche the pepul pryncypaly the Prince of Heven  
 to pay,  
 Pil not the pore peple with your prechyng,  
 Bot begge at abundand and at ryche aray:



3e may mete moné men ye walkyn be the way,  
 That bene nedé and nedful, and woful begoon,  
 That ave apeny in here perse tha; 3e beg and pray,  
 A3ayns xx. of 3ours y trou thai have not hone:  
 this is no charyté,

For to beg at the pore,  
 3e schuld haven here socoure  
 Of that 3e potyn in tresoure,  
on ham have peté.

Estote misericordes, sicut Pater vester misericors est.

Thus ȝe techyn truly to al maner men,  
For to part with the pore, on ham have pité;  
As ȝe counsel other, y counsel ȝou then,  
To solaus ham, to socour ham, in here fyrmeté.  
Ellys, lele, hit is lyke ȝe have no chareté,  
ȝe schul schew good ensampyl to the soule-bele;  
Men waytyn apon ȝour werkys, y tel ȝou wytterly,  
As ȝe techen other to do ȝe don never a dele,  
beth seche as ȝe seme;  
A prechur schuld lyve parfytylly,  
And do as he techys truly,  
Ellys hit is ypocresy,  
ȝour dedus that doth ȝou deme.

Nullum malum pro malo reddentes.

He that wyl not forther these frerus wyllun han no  
harme,  
Wyl thai loven her lord God thai mow not fare amys;  
Thenk on the leyth lazar was borne into Abragus barme,  
With his povert and his payne he boȝt hym heven blys.

Fore the ryche mon hym refused he faryth al amys,  
 And lyus law with Lucefyr lezyst in hel,  
 Parte with these pore frerus, 3our fader wyl hit his,  
 Last the case on 3oue fall that on hym befelle;  
   3e schuld fynde hit fare the best :  
 Do as thou woldus me dud be the ;  
 Apon thi broder thou have peté.  
 Depart with hym, and he with the,  
   then be thai both y-blest.

*Ignorantia non excusat sacerdotem.*

Moné men of holé cherche thai ben al to lewd,  
 I lekyn ham to a bred is pynud in a cage ;  
 When he hath shertly hymselfe al be-scherewd,  
 Then he begynnys to daunce, to harpe, and to rage :  
 Fore he is leud and understond not his oune langwage,  
 Therefore he settys therby not a lytyl prise,  
 Fore he had lerd hit in his 3outh and in his 3enge age,  
 And castis hym never to lerne more, and att her own  
   devyse ;  
   I say 3ow fore why,  
 Thus leud men thai can sey,  
 He is an honest prest in good faye,  
 3if his goun be pynchit gay,  
   he getis a salary.

*Legere et non intelligere est quasi non legere.*

Now 3if a pore mon set bys son to Oxford to scole,  
 Both the fader and the moder hyndyd thay schal be ;  
 And 3if ther falle a benefyse, hit schal be 3if a fole,  
 To a clerke of a kechyn, ore into the chaunceré ;  
 This makys the worchip of clerkys wrong fore to wry,



Thus the goodys of holé cherch schuld be spend spe-  
cialy ;

Both your meryt and your mede in heaven schul ye have ;  
Al Cristyn men on Crist wold thai crye,  
ffor the bodé and the soule bothe do ye save,

Here in this word ;

That susteyne ham both nyȝt and day,  
And techyn to heven the rode way,  
Pryncepal fore youe thai wold pray  
To here gracious Lord.

*Apprehendite disciplinam, ne quando nascatur.*

Trulé, I trow, this rewme where chamyd and chent,  
Nere ther foretheryng of the frerys and here prechyng,  
Fore the seculars pristis take non entent,

Bot to here leudnes and her lust and here lykyng ;  
Thai beth nothing covetese to lerne no conyng,

The laus of here Lord God to know and to ken,  
Hit demys wele be here dedys thay have no lovyng

Norther to God ne goodness, ne non to odyr men ;

This is a gret peté.

Here holé order when that thai toke,

Thai where exampanyd apon a boke,

Godys laus to lerne and to loke,

And kepe charyté.

*Accipite jugum castitatis.*

Clerkys were choson to be chast and kepe charyté,

With alle here wyt, and here wyl, and here worchyng,  
And be a clene calender the leud men on to se,

And not to stere stryf and wrath fore here covetyng.  
Hit is a schenchyp and a schame and a sclawndering,  
Agayns the order of holé cherch and Goddys orden-  
awns.

Prestis fore to covet al, the frerys to han no thyng,  
This dole is undeulé dalt, hit maketh dystans,  
And al thai beth breder.

And sethen thai serven won Lord,  
Thai schuld never be at dyscord,  
Nouther in ded nor in word,  
But ychon part with othyr.

Erant illis omnia communia.

In Actibus Apostolorum ther may 3e rede,  
 Hou the goodys of holé cherchesumtyme were i-sempde,  
 Uche postyl had his part ryȝt as he had nede,  
 Thai cast hit al in comyn the goodys that God hym  
 sende;

Curst covetyse forsothe the clerge hath y-blynd,  
That schuld be lanterns lyzt in holé cherche to bren,  
And chasud away charyté, therfore thai wyl be chent,  
And turne himself fro the treuth and marrun other  
men,

More arme is ;  
 Thai pottyn hamselſe in gret parel,  
 Fore treuly the pepul thai ſchuld tel  
 And warne ham of the payns of hel,  
 And mend that thai do mys.

*Ecce quam bonum et quam jocundum.*

Take tent to this tyxt, pristis, I 3ou pray,

*Habitare semper fratres in unum,*

Thus Davit in the Sauter sothlé con he say,

Crist of his curtesse to curatis toke his kay,

Mon soul with mekenes to have in kepyng,

With the treuth of here tounge to teche hem the way,

Throz the vij. sacramentis here soule to blis bryng.

God grauntyth hem his pouere

To asoyle that wyl repent,

And schryve hem clene with good entent,

And do here penans verament,

Wyle that thai ben here.

*Ego sum pastor bonus.*

The ground of al goodnes curatis schuld be the cause,

And knyht hem kyndly togedur al the clergé,

And leve here leudnes and here lust and lern Godys  
laues,

With here conyng and clannes dedlé synnus dystroy,  
Both the flesche and the fynd false covetys defye,

With mercé and with mekenes the treuth for to teche,  
The comawndmentis of Crist to kepe kyndly,

To-fore the pepul apart thus schuld he preche,

ffore 3e ben scheperdys al one ;

Then Crist to Peter, what said he ?

“ My keyis I betake to the,

Kepe my schepe fore love of me,

That they perische never on.”

The prophecy of the prophetus al nowe hit doth apere,  
 That sumtyme was sayd be the clergie,  
 That leud men the laue of God that schuld love and lere,  
 Fore curatis fore here covetyse wold count noȝt therby,  
 Bot to talke of her tythys y tell ȝou treuly;  
 And ȝif the secular say a soth anon thai bene e-schent,  
 And lyen upon the leudmen and sayn hit is lollere;  
 Thus the pepul and the pristis beth of one asent,  
 They dare no noder do:  
 Fore dred of the clergé  
 Wold dampnen hem unlaufully,  
 To preche upon the peleré,  
 And bren hem after too.

De vobis qui dicitis malum bonum et bonum malum.  
 Lef thou me a loller, his dedis thai wyl hym deme,  
 ȝif he withdraue his deutés from holé cherche away,  
 And wyl not worchip the cros; on hym take good eme,  
 And here his matyns and his masse upon the haleday,  
 And belevys not in the sacrement, that hit is God veray,  
 And wyl not schryve him to a prest on what deth he  
 dye,  
 And settis noȝt be the sacramentis sothly to say,  
 Take him fore a loller y telȝou treuly,  
 And false in his fay;  
 Deme hym after his saw,  
 Bot he wyl hym withdrawe,  
 Never fore hym pray.

*Corripite inquietos, qui volunt intelligere ut bene facerent.*

Thaȝ the pepyl be never so leud in here levying,  
 And brekun the comawndementes of Crist, and  
     wykud werks worch,  
 They may go mery al the ȝere for ane reprevyng,  
     Outher of person, or of prest, or men of holé cherche.  
 Bot ȝif thai faile thus, or schof another that with thai  
     groche,  
 Comawnd in Cristis name her techyng to hem bryng.  
 Ellis a lecturer of sentens thai wyl on hem sorche,  
 Hit cemys that to the celé soule thai have no levying.  
                                 Thus may ȝe wel knowe,  
 Y pray serys that ȝe aspye,  
 Houe contemnys lechoré,  
 Have he cordit with the consteré,  
                                 Vola verede voo.

*Videte rectores ecclesiæ, ne propter lucrum dampnetis animas  
 Christianas.*

Alas ! that thes offecers of holé cherchis laue  
 Lettyth these leud men lye in here syn,  
 That dredun nothyng here domus hem to withdrawe,  
     Fore mede the maydyn mantens hem therin,  
 Because of ser covetys is neyre of here kyn,  
     May do with mon of holé cherche hollé his entent,  
 The wyf and the hosbond he mai part atwyn,  
     Thaȝ thai be boundon to God be the sacrement,  
                                 He wyl dyssever hem two ;  
 And ȝet the gospel hem dos lere,



That God commus togeder y fere,  
 There is no mon that hath pouere  
 That sacrement undoo.

*Episcopus debet esse sine crimine, et corrigere rectores ecclesiar,  
 sicut vult respondere coram Summo Iudice.*

Thus oure blessud byscop, dene offecialle,  
 Sofers thes sekelers in here syjt to sun opynly,  
 Tha; thai to here constri hom to here court call,  
 Thai mercyn hem with moné and med prevely;  
 Thai schuld put hom to prayers and to penans opunly,  
 Fore opun syn opun penans, this is Godys laue.  
 5if 5e wyl serche the soth here is remedé,  
 Then wold thai dred 5our domys and sone hom with-  
 draw,

And kepe Godys laus.

Curatis the soth thai dar not say,  
 ffore thai be worse levers then thai,  
 And leven in syn for day to day,  
 So thai beth the cause.

*Inclina cor meum, Deus, in testimonia tua, et non avaritiam.*

5e curatis, fore 5our covetys 5e castun in the new fayre,  
 The churches that 5e byn chosun to be Godus orde-  
 nauns,  
 And callun hit permetacion cuntreys about to kayre,  
 Bot 5if 5e han pluralytis hit is not plesans.  
 I preve the pope principaly ys worthy to have penaunce,  
 That grauntus ane seche grace because of covetyng,  
 Hit dous dysese in holé cherche and makys bot dys-  
 tauns,



A foule defaute faythfully I fynd in holé cherche,  
 Pristis to syng twyse a day fore here leucure,  
 gif thai schuld fore Cristis sake, anon then thay groche,  
 And thus thai sellyn here soverayn and here Saveoure;  
 I lekyn hem to Judas that was a traytoure,  
 Because of his covetyse his soveren he solde.  
 Boldlé, the byschop is to blame that doth ham favour,  
 Fore this tale treuly on hem hit is tolde;  
 This is a gret schame;  
 And yet the laue hit doth hem lere,  
 Thai schuld syng bot twyse a zere,  
 At Crystymas and Astere,  
 Ellys thai beth to blame.

*Sicut aqua extinguit ignem, ita elemosina extinguit peccatum.*  
 Prestis 3e schul prove 3ourselpe and princypale in dede,  
 Ever depart with the pore, on hem have pité,  
 Cownsel ham and cumford ham and cloth hem at here  
 nede,  
 In prisun, and in poverté, and infyrmety;  
 Thus 3e prechyn the pepul and in the pylpit opynlé  
 The vij. werkys of mercé mekelé to fulfyl,  
 And to ressayve here reward remyssyon redelé  
 At the dredful dai of dome, fore this is Godys wyl,  
 Ore ellus schul thai rew.  
 As 3e techon other to do,  
 Do 3ourselve al so,  
 Ore ellis men wyl part 3oue fro,  
 And say ye bene untrew.

*De confessione, et de sacramento altaris. Subjecti estote omni  
humanæ creaturæ propter suum.*

I counsel ȝoue, al Christun men, and comawnd in  
Cristis name,

That ȝe obey ȝour curatis that ȝe ben boundon to,  
ȝif one be fallyn be frelté in ane febel fame,

God graunt hem of his grace no more so to do ;  
And beth in ful charyté with frynd and with foo,

Fore that is the grownd of al goodnes with contri-  
cioun,

And serve that lord of al lordys where bene ané mo,

That may soyle ȝoue of ȝour sunne and graunt you  
remysson,

In fayth no mo bot hee ;

Of al lordyis be he blest,

He wold no mon where e-lost,

That wyl in his mercé trust,

And in his benyngneté.

ȝif ȝour curatis comaund ȝou to kepe Cristis lawus,

Then do after here doctrine and ȝe bene out of drede,  
Fore, serys, thai may save ȝour soule throȝ here soth saus,

Then in heven schal ȝe have ȝour meryd and ȝour mede ;  
Bot do not as thai doun, thereof take good hede,

Bot ȝif thai showe ȝoue good emsampil to the soule hele,  
Fore God in the Gospel this he forebed,

After here werkus worche ȝe never a dele,

Ellus schul ye reue ;

Fore as thai techyn ȝou to do,

Bot gif thai don hamselfe al so,  
 Ellus y rede 3e gon him fro,  
 And say thay ben untreu.

*Quodcunque ligaveris super terram.*

Fore God hath graunt of his grace to curatis his pouere,  
 Tha3 thai ben synful men to asoyle 3oue of 3our synne,  
 Thor3 vertu of the sacrement soyle I 3owe enseure,  
 No mon mese in this matere gif he wyl savyd bene.  
 Evere prest he hath pouere to asoyle 3ou then,  
 And to here confession in 3our necescyté,  
 3if to 3our curatis 3e mai not cum that beth 3our soveren,  
 Thai may do 3oue ry3tus, y telle 3oue treuly  
 Thai have this povere,  
 To asoyle that wyl repent,  
 And schryve han clene with good entent,  
 Be vertu of the sacrament,  
 Both prest and frere.

*Nota secundum decretales et constitutiones ecclesiæ quod omnis homo utriusque sexus tenetur confiteri suo proprio sacerdoti semel in anno ad minus, nisi habeat licentiam, vel dispensationem, vel privilegium a superiore.*

Bot 3e most come to 3our curatures be the comen laue,  
 And schryve 3oue sothely of 3our synne at the lest  
 enus a 3ere;  
 3e stonden in doute and in dred gif 3e 3ou withdraw,  
 Without lysens or leve outhir to prest or frere:  
 Thai most 3our counsel knoue that schal 3oue led and  
 lere,  
 That have the charche of 3oure soule in here kepyng,

3e byth princypaly under here pouere,  
 Go not ungoodly away without here wytyng,  
 And know 3our entent ;  
 Thai mai not answeere fre 3eve,  
 3our counsel bot thai know,  
 Thai beth excusid be the laue,  
 And 3e schul be schent.

Quicumque enim manducaverit vel biberit calicem hanc indigne.  
 3if the prest unworthelé presume to syng his mas,  
 Serus, y say the sacrement enpayrd hit may not be,  
 Bot hes owne deth and his dome he ressayns, alas !  
 3if in his consians he know that he be gulté,  
 Tha3 he syng and say no mas the prest unwothelé,  
 Both 3our maret and 3our mede in heven 3e schul  
 have,  
 Fore God hath grauntyd of his grace be his auctoreté,  
 Be he never so synful 3oure soulys may he save,  
 Have this in tho3t ;  
 The masse is of so hye degré,  
 Apayryd forsoth hit mai not be,  
 Ne no mon mend it may,  
 Theron doctours han so3t.

Nichil impossibile apud Deum.

Take ensampyl by the sunne 3e syne here with sy3t,  
 Wha may depreve hit hym of his pouere and let hit  
 ly3tyng,  
 That shenus apon a synful man as wel as on a ry3t,  
 Alse wile on fouele as on fayre without defouteryng,

Also wel apon a knave as apon a kyng ;  
 A sad saumpil forsoth her may 3e se,  
 Hit is Godys word and his werke and his worchyng,  
 The sacrament of the autere defoulyd mai not be,  
 I do 3oue out of drede.  
 His Godhed may not be sayne  
 With no fleschlé eyne,  
 Bot in the sacrament 3e may hit sene,  
 In figure and fourme of bred.

I se sothlé in the sunne knyht iij. maner kynde,  
 His clerté and his clerenes what clerté can declare,  
 Behold the hete in thi hert and have hit in mynd,  
 The conselacioun and the conford thai iij. what thai are;  
 Fore al that levys in this lond ful evyl schul hit fare,  
 Nere that gloreus gleme that fro the heven glydis,  
 Ho that servyth not that soverayn his hert may be ful sare,  
 That lenus of his loveseche alyzt that al this word gladis  
 In everych a place.  
 A ! synful mon, have this in mynde,  
 To that Lord be not unkynde,  
 Fore he may both louse and bynde,  
 Graunt mercé and grace.

I declare the clerté to the Fader of myȝtis most,  
 The heete hyle therof to his onlé sunne,  
 The consolacioun and the comford to the Holé Gost,  
 Kyndly y-knyt togeder without devesioun;  
 The Fader, the Son, the Holé Gost, al thai beth bot hone,  
 Thre persons prevyd in the Treneté,

That never had begynnyng, ende have thai none,  
 That now is, and ever was, and ever schal be,  
 Lord of myȝtys most.

Thus the fader our lyȝt us broȝt,  
 With the hete of his blod his son us boȝt,  
 Consolacioun and cumford thus have thai wroȝt,  
 Throȝ the grace of the Holé Gost.

*Fides non habet meritum.*

Ryȝt as ȝe se all this world is glorefyed with one sunne,  
 Serrs, so is mons soule with the sacrament,  
 Als moné men at a mas as ȝe account con,  
 Uche person has his part that is ther present ;  
 And al hit is bot hone Good, beleve this verament,  
 That is sacyrd on the autere between the pristis house,  
 That schal ȝou deme at domysday at his jugement,  
 After ȝour dedis dredles thus schal ȝe understonde,  
 Thaȝ ȝe have done amys ;  
 ȝif fore ȝour synnus ȝe be soré,  
 Then ȝe resseyve hem worthelé,  
 And schul have grace and mercy,  
 And joy in Heven bliss.

*Estote fortes in bello.*

Dredles uche dedly sunne y declare a wounde,  
 That when the fynd hath foȝt with ȝoue and hath the  
 maystré,  
 Then most ȝeseche a surgoun, ȝif ȝe wyl be save and sound,  
 That can sothlé serche ȝour sore and make ȝoue holé ;  
 Confession and contresion thi salve schal hit be,



The penans of this penetawnsere thi satisfaccion.  
 Then festust with the fynd aȝayne and hast the maystré,  
 And dost hym schenchip and schame for ever confu-  
 cyon,

Thi soule fore to save.

Thus thi wondis helyd schul be,  
 With gret worchip to the,  
 Because of thi victoré,

Reward schalt thou have.

Miserere mei, Deus, quia infirmus sum.

I lekyn uche a synful soule to a seke man,  
 That is y-schakyd and schent with the aksis,  
 Thir is no dayntel e-dyȝt that pay hym thai con,  
 Bot al that is aȝayns him that wyl hym pleese ;  
 So hit farus by a mon that ys recheles,  
 That is seke in his soule the sothe he vel not here,  
 Bot wrys away fro Godys word to his wyckydnes,  
 Here may ȝe know kyndlé ȝif ȝour consians be clere,  
 The soth verament.

Cristyn men ȝif that ȝe be,  
 Then loke ȝe done cristynlé,  
 Ellus ȝe berun that nome in veyne, treuly ;  
 ȝe wyl be shamed and y-shent.

I counsel al ȝoue, al curators, that wysele ȝou wayt,  
 That han the cure of mons soule in ȝoure kepyng,  
 Engeyne ȝe not to ȝeesy penans, ne to strayt algat,  
 Lest ȝe slene both bodé and soule with ȝour ponynschyng ;  
 Fore better is a *pater noster* with repentyng,

To send hem to the mercé of God to purgatoré,  
 Fore Crist enjoynd no nother penans in his levyng,  
 Bot *vade in pace, amplius noli peccare.*

Fore as possebel hit were  
 Here with a tere of thyn nye  
 To quench the feyre of purgatoré,  
 Als al the water in the se  
 To quench a blase of foyre.

3e that be chosun to ben chif and sitting in Cristis place,  
 3e most have treuth and ry3twysnes in 3our demyng :  
 Then let treuth ale tok hym both mercé and grace,  
 And ry3twysnes, rest pes, fore dred of perechyng ;  
 These iiij. sistyrs made acord betwene heven kyng,  
 And manse soule that was forjuggyd to damnacioun,  
 Fore pes a3ayns ry3twysnesche was over pletyng,  
 Whyle mercé with his mekenes turne treuth to re-  
 myssioun.

Herewith God plesid was,  
 And send doune his son from heven an hye  
 To le3t in the virgyn ma3de Mary,  
 In herth to be boren of here body,  
 To graunt mercé and grace.

*Qui præliantur non fallitur.*

I hold hym wyse that wyl be ware whare he has warnyng,  
 Have this mas in 3our hert and hoolde hit in mynde,  
 Bot never hone whyl be ware in here levyng,  
 Bot al blustyrne furth unblest as bayard the blynd.  
 A3ayns the goodnes of God men bene unkynd,

Frerys fekul, and freel, and false in here fay;  
 A monke, the men of holé cherche, feu ther I fynd  
 That worchyn wysly hemselfe to wyse men the way,  
 This is a carful case.

To curatis, sayth Saynt Gregoré,  
 That thai schal answe're trewlé,  
 Fore men soul specialé,  
 To-fore Goddis face.

Verbi gratia, gratia qui sicut dicit episcopo, episcopus rectoribus ecclesiæ, qui recipiunt potestatem ligandi atque solvendi et curam animarum fratres in Christo habet, trahe vobis earum animarum parochianorum vestrorum, ut respondiatis pro me et pro nobis coram summo Iudice in die iudicii.

I mene this mater mekelé fore murmur of men,  
 Wherefore I pray 3ou speyaly that 3e wyl aspye,  
 At clerkus that have conyng that can this know and ken,  
 Bene the trouthe is he touchid, wherefore and why.  
 I red 3e rede hit ary3t, remember 3ou redlé,  
 Fore the love of our Lord non there la3 ne gren,  
 As God of my mysdedis he have mercé,  
 I mene this to amend me and al other men,  
 My God to plese and pay.  
 No mon deney this,  
 3if that he thynke to have blys,  
 Betwene prestis and frerys y-wys  
 I make this loveday.

Misericordia et veritas obbeaverunt; sibi pax et justitia  
 osculati sunt.

Thus sayd David foresoth in the Sautere,  
 And verefyus in asife the love of our Lord,



Hald me fore no parté that beth here present,  
 I have no lykyng, ne lust to make no lesyng,  
 Fore favel with his fayre werdis and his flateryng,  
 He wyl preche the pepul apert hem for to pay,  
 I nel not wrath my God at my wetyng,  
 As God have mercé on me, syr Jon Audlay,  
 At my most ned.  
 I reche never who hit here,  
 Weder prest or frere,  
 For at a fole 3e ma lere,  
 3if 3e wil take hede.

## III.

\* \* \* \*

To thi ne3bour fore love of me,  
 To make debate ny dyscorde,  
 And thou dust me more ounferd,  
 Then tha3 thou wentust barefote in the strate,  
 For love of me that ys thi Lorde,  
 That stremus of blood folewed thi fete,  
 I sai for wi.  
 A wickid worde a mon may schame,  
 To lese his godes and hys good name,  
 Who so falsly duth men fame,  
 Beth curse[d] trly.

The vij. vertu ys good conselyng,  
 Entyse not thi ne3bour to wekednes,  
 Ny say no worde to hym ni sklanderyng,  
 But consel hym to al goodenes.

And this thou myȝt me more plese,

Then thaȝ thou styndest ones a day,  
Into heven thi sowle to sese,

Into that joy that lastus ay,

Withouten drede.

For bi thi goodenes and thi consele,

Thou may pytte thi neȝbour fro gret perele,

And save hym fro the peynes of hel,

And encrese thi mede.

The viij. vertu is holé prayere ;

Dyssyre and aske of me ryȝtwesly,

Thi selfe thou schalt be messangere,

And do thi message dewoutly,

And thou plesust me more speciali,

Then thaȝ my moder and sayntis alle

Praydyn in heven on hy fore the,

For thou ast fre choyse to ryse or falle,

Both thou may.

ȝif thou falle, aryse anon,

And call to me with contricieion,

Then my moder and sayntis uchon

Wil fore the pray.

The ix. vertu is thou schalt only

Love me in herte over al thyng,

Then gold, or selver, or lond, or fee,

Or wyf, or child, or worldlé thyng :

Thou dost me then more plesyng,

Then thaȝ thou styedust up-on hyȝ pelere,

Folle of rayssors kene stekyng,  
Fore me love thi flesche to tere,  
Bileve wyl this.  
Love plesis me over al thyng,  
Fore chareté with hym is ever dwellyng,  
Mon soule to joy hit doth hit bryng  
Into my blis.

These ix. vertue son soth thou schalt fynd,  
Lerne this lesson now I the pray,  
To God and mon loke thou be kynd,  
And make amendis wyle thou may;  
For to heven ther ys noon oder way,  
ȝyf thou wolt have salvasyon,  
Me thou most nede plese and pay,  
Or ellus have damnacyon,  
Hit ys for the best.  
Do as thou woldust me dud by the,  
Uche on of oder ȝe have pyté,  
And leve in love and charyté,  
Then be ȝe blest.

Sum men ther ben that stelon heven,  
With penans, prayers, and poverté;  
And sum goon to hel ful even,  
For lust, and lykyng of here body.  
Here twey wayes, my sone ther be,  
Thou hast fre choyse wedur to passe,  
Chese the better y consel the,  
Lest thou syng the sung alas  
For ever and ay.

I rede thou serve heven kyng,  
For any lust or lykyng,  
Have mynde apon thi endyng.  
And dredeful domusday.

Mervel 3e not of this makyng,  
I me excuse, hit ys not y,  
Hit ys Goddus worde and his techyng,  
That he tajt a salutary.  
Fore y kowthe never but hye foly,  
God hath me chastest for my levyng,  
I thonk my God my grace trewly,  
Of his gracyouse visetyng,  
Ellus were y lore.

Ever that Lorde be he blest,  
Al that he duth ys for the best,  
Ellus were 3e lyke to be lost,  
And betterunbore.

Upon 3our lyfe take good eme,  
Bewar lest God that 3e offende;  
As he fyndes 3ow he wil 3ou deme,  
Owther be saved or ellus be schent!  
For soden deth loke 3e amende,  
And settus no trist where noon ys,  
For al ys good that hath good ende,  
When 3e han mended 3e han do mys,  
This ys no nay.

Y made this wit good intent,  
In hope the rather 3e wolde repent,  
Prayes for me that beth present,  
My name hyt ys the blynde Awdelay.



## IV.

*De effusione sanguinis Christi in remissione peccatorum.*

An holy prayer here bygynnes,  
In remedy of seuen dedly synnes.

Vij. blodes Crist he bled,  
The fyrst in his circumsycyon,  
The secund in holé oresown,  
The deth when that he dred ;  
The thred in his flagellacion,  
The fourth in his coronacion,  
The fyfth in his hondis also,  
The vj. in his holé fete,  
The vii. blode ran out of his hert wete,  
To wasche us out of our wo ;  
With moné an other enstrement,  
He suffryd tene and turmentyng,  
In his mon-heed.  
In tyme of his passcion,  
Here fore our redemcion,  
His blesful blod he bled !

O Jhesu, fore the blod thou bledyst,  
And in the furst tyme thou cheddust,  
In thy circumcecion,  
That I have synnyd in lechoré,  
That stynkyng syn foreȝyf thou me,  
And my delectacion.

O Jhesu, at the mount of Olefete,

There blod and water thou con swete,  
                    To thi Fader when thou dydist pray;  
So, Fader, gif thi wyl hit be,  
Put envy away fro me,  
                    And temtacions nyȝt and day.

O Jhe-u, thi payns were ful strong,  
When the skorgis both scharp and long,  
                    Mad thi body to bled.  
To the, Lord, mercé I cry,  
Thou kepe me out of glotoné,  
                    And helpe me at my ned.

O Jhesu, fore thi scharp croune,  
That mad the blod to ren adoune  
                    About thi fayre face,  
Ther proud in hert I have be,  
Lord unbuxum to the,  
                    Grawnt mercé and grace.

O Jhesu, as I understond  
Thou ched blod at both thi hond,  
                    When thai were naylid,  
Thou cast me out of covetyse,  
And graunt me grace sone to aryse,  
                    Of syn when I am seyld.

O Jhesu, thou bledyst more blod,  
Wen thou wast nayld apon the rood,  
                    Throȝ thi fete with naylis.

Let me never in slouth stynke,  
Bot grawnt me grace for to swynke,  
Thyng me awaylis.

O Jhesu, blessid be thi bones,  
Fore blod and water thou chedist at once,  
Out of thi pressious hert.  
Out of wrath kepe thou me,  
And grawnd me love and charyté,  
For thi wondis smert.

O Jhesu, for the peler strong,  
Thi bodi was bound therto with wrong,  
Y-buffet and y-blend.  
That holé cherche as bound me to,  
Grawnt me grace that fore to do,  
Lest I be chamyd and schent.

O Jhesu, fore thi blesful face,  
Thou betoke Veroneca bi grace,  
Upon here sudaré.  
That face be ne consolacion,  
And to the fynd confusion,  
That day when I schal dye.

O Jhesu, fore thi holé cros,  
Thi body sprad theron was,  
Fore our syn sake.  
That cros be my proteccion  
Azayns my nenmys everychon,  
Weder I slepe or wake.

O Jhesu, fore thi naylis thre,  
That persid the to the rod tre,  
    Y-drevyn with gret distres;  
Thou grawnt me repentawns,  
Fore my syns to do penans,  
    My payns to relese.

O Jhesu, fore the vessel also,  
That aysel and gal thai broȝt the to,  
    That drenke hit was unsete;  
That I have synd in glotency,  
That stynkyng syn forȝif thou me,  
    That me hath thoȝt ful swete.

O Jhesu, fore the charp spore,  
That throȝ thyn hert Longyus can bere,  
    That was a blynd knyȝt;  
Thou perse me hert with contricion,  
Fore the syns I have edone,  
    As thou ȝif him his syȝt.

O Jhesu, fore the lovelé ladder,  
And fore the tongis and fore hamyr,  
    That laust the fro the tre;  
Thou graunt me contemplacion  
To theng the fore thi passioun,  
    That thou soferest fore me.

O Jhesu, as Josep of Haramathé  
Beryd the ful onestlé  
    In his monument,

Fore thi gloryous resurexion,  
And thi marvelis assencion,  
Thou grawnt me remyssion,  
Tofore thi jugement.

In worchip of thi holé passion,  
And of my syns remyssion,  
xv. pater noster y say ;  
And xv. avés to Our Lady,  
Fore heo is the wel of al pyté,  
That heo wel fore me pray.

He that says this prayere  
Every day in the ȝere,  
He worchips euere wonde ;  
That Crist sofyrd fore his sake,  
Fore his syns amendis to make,  
I-blessid be that stounde.

Wherefore y pray ȝoue specialy  
That ȝe say hit dewoutly,  
ȝoure souls ȝe may save ;  
Fore Crist hath grawndtid seche a grace,  
In heven he schal have a plasse,  
That other schal noȝt have,

That ffulfyld not this prayere,  
And worchipd not his passion wyle thai bene here  
With devocion ;  
Thes that to him be unkynd,  
He wil not have ham in mynd,  
In here trebulacion.

He that techis another mon this,  
 He schal be sekyr of heven blis,  
     Thus wretyn I fynde ;  
 Fore thai be blessud of our Lord,  
 That heren and don after Godis word,  
     And holdyn hit in mynd.

Explicit de sanguine Christi.

v.

Quomodo Jhesus fuit reprobatus a Judæis.

O God, the wyche thou woldust, Lorde,  
 Fore the redempcion of the worlde  
     Of Jewis to be reprevyd.  
 And to be betrayd of Judas,  
 Of that traytur with a cos,  
     Strayt boundyn and dispilid.

And as a lomb and ennosent,  
 To be lad to sacrefyce to fore present,  
     Of Ann and Kayface ;  
 Of Pilate, Erod, and moné mo,  
 Unsemelé to be offyrd up so,  
     That never didist trespase.

And to be acusid of false witnes,  
 Reprevyd and scorgid with creuelnes,  
     And to be crownd with thorns ;  
 And to be spit in the face,  
 And to be bofet and blyndfuld, alas !  
     With moné schamful skorns.

And to be throullid hond and food  
With charp naylus to the rod,  
    And to be lift up in the cros,  
Betwene two thevys for to hýng ;  
Of aysel and gal thai propherd the drynke,  
    With a spere thi hert persid was.

Be these most holé payns, Lord.  
Fore me synful that thou soffyrd,  
    I worchip with hert and wylle.  
Also fore the holé cros,  
Delyver my soule, Lord, fro losse,  
    Fro the payns of helle.

And led me, Lord, graciously,  
Synful wreche and onworthé,  
    Into that some plasse  
Thou ladist the thefe hongyng the by,  
And grauntust him grace and thi mercy,  
    Fore-3if me my trespase.

Wele is him that wil and may  
Say this oreson everé day,  
    Of Cristis passion ;  
Out of this word or that he wynd,  
Of al his synnus, as wretyn I fynd,  
    Schal have remyssion.

## VI.

De septem verbis Jhesu Christi pendentis in Cruce.

O Jhesu Crist hongyng on Cros,  
vij. wordis thou saydest with myld voys,  
Unto the fader of Heven;  
Be the vertu of tho wordis foregif thou me,  
That I have trespass here to the,  
In the dedlé syns seven.

In pride, in wrath, and in envy,  
In lechory, in glotonry,  
With gret unkyndnes;  
In slouth, Lord, in thi servyse,  
And in this wordis covetyse,  
Graunt me foregifnes.

O Jhesu, this word furst 3e sayde,  
“Fader, I am els apayd,  
Graunt ham remission,  
That don me al this turmentré,  
On ham fader have peté,  
That wot not what thai done!”

O Jhesu, so I the beseche,  
Ryzt with her fulli speche,  
Thou graunt myn enmes grace.  
Here mysdedis here to mende,  
Out of this word or thai wynde,  
Fader, thou gif ham space.



O Jhesu, the theff to the con say,  
“Have mynd on me, Lord, I the pray,  
    When thou cumyst to thi kyngdom.”  
“Amen, I say thou schalt be  
This day in Paradyse with me,  
    Without syn and schame!”

O Jhesu, my soveren and my Lord,  
Have mynd on me with that word  
    In that same wyse.  
When my soule schal wynd away,  
Graunt me part, I the pray,  
    Of the joys of Paradyse.

O Jhesu, thi moder had gret peté,  
When heo se the turment on rod tre,  
    To here thus con thou say :  
“Woman, lo ! here thi sune,  
Take here to thi moder, Jon,  
    And kepe here now, I the pray.”

O Jhesu, for thi moder love,  
That is cround in heven with the above,  
    And Jon, thi dere darlyng ;  
Fore the love thai hadyn to the,  
Uppon my soule thou have peté,  
    And graunt me good endyng.

O Jhesu, thou saydyst ful petuysly,  
“Eloy Lamazabatani,”  
    With a rewful voyse.

“ My God, my God,” hit is to say,  
 “ Wy foresakis thou me this day,  
     Hongyng apon the croyse ?”

O Jhesu Lord, I the pray,  
 Graunt me grace that I may say,  
     In tyme of temptacion,  
 “ Fader, thou have mercé on me,  
 As thou chadist thi blood on rod tre  
     Fore my redempcion.”

O Jhesu, [thou] saydist *cicio*,  
 Eysel and gal thai propherd the to,  
     Thou foresoke that bittere drynke ;  
 Hit were the soulis that were in payn,  
 To delyver ham thou wast ful fayne  
     Out of that darke dwellyng.

O Jhesu, graunt me grace to thorst  
 The water of lyve that ever schal last,  
     The wel that is ever lyztyng ;  
 With al the dessire of my hert,  
 To foresake my synnis with terys smert,  
     Here in my levyng.

O Jhesu, thou saydist ful specialy,  
 “ *In manus tuas, Domine,*  
     *Commendo spiritum meum.*  
 Out of this word I when schal wynd,  
 My soule to the I recomend,  
     Fader, to the I cum !”

O Jhesu, my Lord, and my soverē,  
When bodé and soule schal part entwyn,  
    My speryt I comende-  
*In manus tuas, Domine,*  
In thi blis with the to be,  
    Word without ende !

O Jhesu, thou saydist, " al endyd is !"   
Labers, sorowys, wooful i-wys,  
    Thou sofyrd fore synful men.  
To us, Lord, thou wast ful kynd,  
Graunt us grace to have in mynd  
    To thonke the here and hen.

And make me worthé, fader dere,  
Thi swete voyse that I may here,  
    In the oure of my partyng,  
Cum to me, my chosun blest,  
And have the blis that ever schal last,  
    Word without endyng.

In the worchip of these wordis vij.,  
Devoutlé to the fader of heven  
    Vij. pater-nosters 3e say,  
And vij. avés to our lady,  
Fore sche is the wel of al peté,  
    That heo wyl fore me pray.

And graunt me trew confession,  
And every contrecion,  
    Hens ore I wynd;

That Cristis holé passion,  
 May be may satisfaccion,  
 And scenchip to the fynd.

Welle is him that wil and may  
 Worchip these wordis everé day  
 With devocion.  
 Ful secur then may he be,  
 zif he be in love and charyté,  
 Hath playn remyssioun.

## VII.

*De meritis missæ; quomodo debemus audire missam.*

Lordis, zif 3e wil lythe,  
 Of a thyng I wil 3ou kythe,  
 Is helth to al monkynd.  
 Of the medis of the masse,  
 Houeveré mon more and lasse,  
 Schuld have hem in mynd.

How 3e schul 3our servyse say,  
 3our prayers prevelé to pray,  
 To hym that mai unbynd,  
 In salvyng of 3our synis seven,  
 To Jhesu Godis son in heven,  
 Oure fader that we schul fynd.

3our faythful fader he schal be fond,  
 To everé mon that is ebonde,  
 In syn fore to say.

Be his soferens we may se,  
How he provys the and me,  
And letys us wyle he may.

Fore he is boune our bale to bete,  
3ef we wyl of our syn lete,  
Into our deth day.  
And 3if we wyl leve our synne,  
He wyl wys us fore to wyne,  
To heven the redé way.

What mon long wold sofir to se,  
Fore hys syn himselfe to sle,  
3if he my3t lif azayne ;  
Fore 3if he were fore traytre take,  
Then he most amendis make,  
Or ellis to be slayne.

Ry3t, serus, soo most we  
In our hertis soré be,  
Fore our synnys sake.  
And to the prest schryve the,  
And do thi penans devoutly,  
And this amendis make.

Holeer thyng may no mon here,  
Ne ly3tyr thyng fore to lere,  
To lerne men of lore,  
To teche mon in what wyse,  
Hou thay schal say here servyse,  
In chorche when thai be thore.

ȝif thou to the cherche go,  
Toward, froward, or ellis cum fro,  
    To here masse ȝif thou may.  
Al the way that thou gase,  
An angel payntus thi face,  
    The prynce of heven to pay.

So in that oure thou lost noȝt,  
That thou hast therin thi thoȝt,  
    Thi prayers fore to praye.  
Blynd that day thou schalt noȝt be,  
The sacrement ȝif thou may se,  
    Soyle, as I the say.

And seche grace God hath the ȝene,  
ȝif thou be clene of syne schrene,  
    When thou his bodé ast y-seyne,  
ȝif thou dey that ilke eday,  
Thou schalt be found in the fay,  
    As thou houseld hadust bene.

And both thi mete and thi drynke,  
Thou schalt wyn with lasse swynke,  
    Without travayle or tene.  
And ȝif thou stond in one drede,  
Alle day thou schalt the bettyr spede,  
    To kever thi cars kene.

Saynt Austyne comawndis ȝoue specialy,  
That ȝe beleve truly  
    In that sacrement.

That he is ther God veray,  
That schal 3ou deme at Domysday,  
At his jugement.

That sofyrd payne and passione  
Here, fore 3our redempcion,  
Apon the rod tre.  
And grawntis 3ou remission,  
3if 3e have contresion,  
When schrevyn that 3e be.

When that thai knele to the sacreyng,  
Knelis a doune fore one thyng,  
And hold up 3our hond.  
And thonk that Lord of his grace,  
That al thyng land 3ou he has,  
Throz his swet sond.

Then glad mai 3e be,  
3our Saveour so to se,  
Tent and 3e wold take;  
Fore hit is the same brede  
That he dalt or he was dede,  
Fore his disipilis sake;

And lafft hit with hem in memoré,  
And to ale other pristis truly,  
To have hit in mynd;  
3every day of the 3ere,  
To ofur hit upon his autere,  
In salvacion of al monkynd.

And he that ressayus hit worthely,  
At that day wen he schal dye,  
    Hit is his salvacion ;  
And he that is in dedlé syn,  
Anon as hit enters him withyn,  
    Hit is his dampnacion.

Take ensampil be Judas,  
At Cristis soper y wot he was,  
    And ete of that blessid bred.  
But fore he was in didlé syn,  
The fynd entyrd anon him yn,  
    Fore his Lord he had betrayd.

Therefore loke that 3e be  
In parfite love and charyté,  
    And out of dedlésyn ;  
Loke what bone that 3e crave,  
Aske God and 3e may have,  
    And heven blis to wyn.

3owre pater nostere loke 3e con,  
And 3our ave, everé mon,  
    And specialy 3oure crede,  
Ellis esavyd 3e may not be ;  
Bot 3e con 3our beleve truly,  
    3e stond in grete dred.

For al that ever nedis to the,  
And to thi nyztbore truly,  
    In the pater noster hit is ;



Vij. petecions ther be in,  
 That getis 3ou foregifnes of 3our syn,  
 And bryngis 3our soule to blis.

V. worchipis thou dost to our Lady;  
 When that thou sayst thyn avé,  
 Blessid mot heo be !  
 Thus angel Gabreel he con say,  
 “ Hayle, ful of grace, thou swet may !  
 God he is with the ! ”

Xij. arteklus of thi beleve,  
 Thus clerkis thai don ham preve,  
 That beth in this crede,  
 That getyn the salvacion,  
 And of thi syns remission,  
 And heven to thi mede.

3our x. comawndmentis 3e most con,  
 And kepe hem wel everé mon,  
 Thus Crist he bede.  
 Thi gostlé Fader schal teche tham the,  
 Or ellis ful woful schal 3e be,  
 Thai stond in gret dred.

The vij. dedlé synus 3e most know,  
 Wyche thai bene I wyl 3ou schew,  
 Ry3t here anon.  
 Pride, covetyse, wrath, envy,  
 Lechoré, slouth, and glotoné,  
 Here thai bene echon.

3if any of these that 3e in falle,  
Anon on Crist loke that 3e calle,  
With contricion.

Anon schryve 3ou of 3our syn,  
Be frelté 3if 3e fal theryn,  
And 3e schal have remission.

Then in the cherche 3e knele adowne,  
With good hert and devocion,  
Hold up 3our hondis then ;  
Furst fore 3our selfe 3e schul pray,  
Sethen fore fader and moder, as I the say,  
And then fore al thi kyn.

And fore thi frynd, and fore thi foo,  
And fore thi good doeres also,  
Also moné as thou mai myn ;  
And fore the prest that syngis masse,  
That God for3if him his trespasse,  
And al the cherche beth in.

3if that the prest the masse doth syng,  
Be not at thi lykyng,  
Therfore let thou no3t.  
For the his masse is as good to here,  
As ané monkis ore ané frere,  
Have this in thi tho3t.

Bot his prayers and his bone,  
Be not hard half so sone,  
As the mon that wele hath wro3t ;

Y-do 3ou out of dispaire,  
The sacrement no mon may mend ne payre,  
Theron doctors han so3t.

Both saynt Barnard and saynt Bede,  
Sayne the masse is of so gret mede,  
That no mon mend hit may,  
Weder that be were hold or 3ong,  
He my3t tel with no tung,  
Tha3 he my3t leve fore ay.

*Ne exponere habit opus,*  
Half the medis of the masse,  
Into his last day.  
Were he never so wyse of art,  
He schuld fayle the v. part  
Of the soth to say.

I pray 3ou, serryys, more and lasse,  
When 3e stond at 3our masse.  
Sum good word 3e say.  
Fore as moné as 3e prayn fore,  
Securly fore moné a score,  
At masse myn 3e may.

All thyng tha3 3e myn no3t,  
Hold ham stil in 3our tho3t,  
Hom that 3e fore pray.  
I do 3ou clene out of dout,  
Ther is non the masse without,  
Bot he be in hel for ay.

Fore also moné as 3e may myn,  
When 3e beth the cherche withyn,  
    Ther is non a masse without.  
Bot 3if he be in dedlé syn,  
And thynke to contenu theryn,  
    Then he stondis en dowte.

When that 3e bene in the kerke,  
Thenke theron and thenke not erke,  
    Hent to the last endyng.  
Then have no dout of thi doole,  
Thou hast a masse thiself al hole,  
    Hit is so hy a thyng.

Saynt Austyn sayth fore soulis here,  
A thousand and thou woldist here,  
    Do a masse fore to syng ;  
Hit is nouthere more ny lasse,  
Bot everé soule he hath a masse,  
    Hit is to Godis plesyng.

In that houre thou herist thi masse,  
Soules hit doth gret solas,  
    That byth in payns bidyng.  
Of that oure thai beth ful fayne,  
Fore hit delyvers hem of here payne,  
    This is a gracious thyng.

Fore his love that 3ou dere bo3t,  
Have mynd of this, fore3ete hit no3t,  
    3e not when 3e schul passe.

ȝif he wil be sekyr and sere  
Everé day in the ȝere,  
    Loke thou here thi masse.

ȝif thou may not thi masse here,  
Then this lesson y rede thou lere,  
    When thai to masse do knyلة.  
Pray God of his gret grace,  
To send the part of that mass,  
    ȝif hit be his wylle.

I do the clene out of dout,  
That art not that masse without,  
    Seche grace is ȝif to the.  
Fore thi hert dissiryng,  
Thou hast part of beedis and masse synyng,  
    Where that ever thou be.

Fore the prest that syngis the masse,  
For al astatus more and lasse,  
    That is here levyng.  
He takis hem in his memoré,  
And soulis that beth in purgatoré,  
    That God to blis hem bring.

Here-fore, serys, more and lasse,  
Everé day here ȝour masse,  
    On-morowe ȝif ȝe may.  
And ȝif ȝe mai not on-morwe,  
Loke ȝe do be undorne,  
    Or ellis be mydday.

Sertenly without fayle,  
Thou schalt not of thi travayle  
    Lese a fote of thi way.  
Al dai thou schalt be the lyghtur,  
And have grace to do the better,  
    Foresoth as I the say.

3et Saynt Austyn bede take tent,  
That he hold no parlement  
    With no levyng mon.  
Fro tyme the cherche 3e ben within,  
And the prest he doth begyn  
    His vestmentus to take on.

Fore wyckid gostis thai wyl hit wyt,  
And 3our wordys thay wil ham wryte,  
    In here bokis everechon.  
That witnes wele St. Austyne,  
That furst in Englund with his gyn,  
    The treuth to preche began.

To fore that Awstyn in Englund come,  
With Saynt Gregoré in gret Rome,  
    Ful derelé con he dwel,  
Hent on a day of gret dirnes,  
Saynt Gregoré wold syng his masse,  
    So fayre as him befelle.

To the Austyn he mad a syne,  
Fore to be his dekyn dene,  
    To red his gospel.

And as he rod he sau sit  
Thre fyendys, as 3e may wit,  
And talis con thai telle.

What thai sayd he herd hit alle,  
Throȝ a wyndow of the walle,  
No fer fro his face.  
He se a fynd sit within,  
With pen and enke and parchemen,  
As God ȝif him grace.

He wrot so lung ther he did want,  
And his parchement wex scant,  
To speek thai had space.  
With his tethe he con hit tug,  
And alfe Rofyn be-gon to rug,  
His rolle bigan to rase.

So hard Rofyn rogud his roll,  
That he smot with his choule,  
Aȝayns the marbystone.  
Of that dynt thai had gret doute,  
Al that setyn ther aboute,  
Fore thai herd hit echon.

When the fynd so hard drou,  
Saynt Austyn stod and low,  
Saynt Gregoré con grame.  
Never the less for grame he get,  
Sone after masse the Austyn he met,  
And mysdele mad his mone.

He sayd to him with myld mode,  
“ What aylid the, thou wytytles woode,  
    To dai to do this dede ?  
Seche a dede was never done.”  
Then he answerd him ful sone,  
    Fore of him he had gret drede.

“ Sere, greve 3e no3t or 3e wyt,  
Fore 3onder I se a Satanas sit,  
    Hit semyd his hed did blede.  
What he wrot to fore he brayd,  
That iij. wyvys seton and sayde,  
    As I stod to rede.”

“ I was adenyd of that dynt,  
Hit stonede me, and mad me stont  
    Styl out of my steven ;  
I schal 3ou tel what I se,  
And word therof I wyl no3t lye,  
    Be Godis son in heven !

“ Syr, 3e may wyl trow  
He lad hym to the wyndow,  
    Cum nere, syr, and sene.”  
The saynt Gregoré was adred,  
Fore blak blood he se e-spred  
    Apon the aschelere even.

Then this good mon grevyd him lasse,  
And comawndit at evenmasse  
    Of this mater to myn.



Kepe 3ou out of Godis wreke,  
Fore ther is no word that 3e speke  
Bot 3e don syn.

Therefore, serys, with good wyl,  
Loke that 3e hold 3ou styl  
The cherche when 3e bene in ;  
A prest to stone in his masse  
All alond may fare the worse  
Out of wo to wyn.

The chorche is a house of prayere,  
Holdhile to Godis honoure,  
To worchip hym therin ;  
What rightful bone that 3e crave,  
Aske God and 3e schul have,  
And before 3evyn of 3our syn.

Hit were hand to oure behove,  
Uche prefende fore to prove  
Of our awntros alle.  
Here shortlé I wyl chew hit  
Lewd men for to know hit,  
Crist on fore to calle.

In the cherche thou knele adown,  
With good hert and devocion  
Hold up thi hondis then ;  
Fore thi-self furst thou pray,  
Fore fader and moder as I the say,  
And sethyn fore all thi kyn ;

And fore the weder and fore the pes,  
And fore men and women mo and lees,  
That Crystyndam han tane ;  
In the name of the Treneté  
Then pater noster say thou iij.,  
Say furst in Cristis name.

Then v. pater noster thou schalt say,  
To pray him that best may  
To gyf the wit and grace.  
The v. wyttis so to spende  
Thi synful soule here to amend,  
To heven to folow the trasse.

Sethin unto the Holé Gost,  
To kepe the out of werkis wast,  
And out of dedlé syn ;  
Ten pater noster say thou then,  
Fore brekyng of thi hestis ten,  
And thus thou schalt begyn.

On the werkeday gif that thou be  
About thi labor treuly,  
In word as thou most nede.  
On the haléday thou fulfyl,  
Right as I have sayd the tyll,  
And thou art out of drede.

And oche eday thi masse thou here,  
And take halé bred and halé watere  
Out of the prestis hond ;

Soche grace God hath gif the,  
gif that thou dey sodenly  
Fore thi housil hit schal the stond.

Fore suche a power that blessing hit has,  
That God blessud the bred in wildernes,  
And two fyschis also,  
And fedd therwith v. thosand men,  
xij. lepus of relef laft after then,  
Soche lordis ther be no moo.

And also loke that 3e be  
In perfyte love and charyté,  
And out of dedlé syn ;  
What ryȝtful bone that 3e crave,  
Aske God and 3e schul have,  
And heven blis to wyn.

Alle that han herd this sermon  
A c. days of pardon,  
Saynt Gregoré grauntis 3ou this.  
Out of this word wen 3e sch[al] wynd,  
Jeshu save 3ou from the fynd,  
And bring 3our soule to blis.

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## NOTES.

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P. 1, l. 1.—The MS. commences imperfectly, and there is nothing to show how much is lost; but it must have been more than eleven leaves. See p. 10.

P. 3, l. 1.—*Cayme*.] This is the usual early orthography of Cain's name. See Piers Ploughman, ed. Wright, p. 166.

P. 4, l. 1.—*Nou zif a woman*.] This, and the following stanza are repeated by Audelay at f. 30 of the same MS.

P. 4, l. 9.—*Herein alwyse*.] Read, here in al wyse.

P. 4, l. 16.—*Honne*.] *i.e.* own.

P. 4, l. 24.—*Ayris*.] *i.e.*, heirs. A similar orthography occurs in other places. See p. 12.

P. 5, l. 3.—*Loteby*.] *i.e.*, a private companion, a bed-fellow. So in Piers Ploughman, p. 52.

She blesseth thise bisshopes,  
Theigh thei be lewed;  
Provendreth persones,  
And preestes maynteneth,  
To have lemmans and *lotebies*  
Alle hire lif daies,  
And bryngeth forth barnes,  
Ayein forbode lawes.

P. 5, l. 22.—Ezekiel xxxiii. 11.

P. 8, l. 22.—*Fayth, hope, and charyté*.]—Alluding to St. Paul's Epist. to the Corinthians, xiii. 13.

P. 9, l. 22.—*Br*.] Read, be.

P. 10, l. 14.—*The day of dome*.] These four verses were probably dictated by Audelay, and go far to prove that the

MS. was the first copy made. The leaf referred to is lost with the commencement.

P. 11, l. 5.—This is the conclusion of the creed of St. Athanasius.

P. 11, l. 6.—*Forsston.*] Read, *fonsston.*

P. 11, l. 19.—*Mandata serva.*] Read, *mandata ejus serva.* This is from Ecclesiastes xii. 13.

P. 12, l. 7.—1 Corinth. iii. 19.

P. 12, l. 21.—John xiv. 15.

P. 13, l. 2 —*Saucour.*] Read, *Saveour.*

P. 13, l. 11.—*Marcol.*] See another allusion to Marcolf at p. 50. The dialogue between this personage and Solomon, was a favorite piece of the middle ages. The following is given as a specimen. It seems that Solomon was so enraged with him, that he positively commanded Marcolf never to let him see him again “between the eyes;” and the history proceeds as follows:—

“Marcolphus vero moleste ferens injuriam sibi de rege factam, et quod jusserat ut eum amplius in mediis oculis non videret, cogitabat quid ageret. Deinde nocte insecuta nix multa de cœlo cecidit. Tunc Marcolphus cepit cribrum in manu una, et pedem ursi in manu altera, et calceamenta sua transversa, et quasi bestia quatuor pedibus per plateas urbis cœpit ire. Cum autem venisset extra civitatem, invenit furnum unum, et intravit in eum. Nocte autem abeunte, dies venit, et familiares regis surgentes, tramitem Marcolphi invenerunt, et æstimantes esse tramitem alicujus mirabilis bestię, regi nunciaverunt. Tunc rex cum copula canum, et cum venatoribus cœpit persequi vestigia Marcolphi. Cum autem venisset ante furnum, et vestigia defecissent, descendunt ad os furni inspicere. Marcolphus vero jacebat in facie sua curvatus, et deposuit bracam suam, apparebantque ei nares, culus, curgulus, et testiculi. Quem videns rex ait: Quis est hic

qui ibi jacet? Marcolph. ego sum. Respondit Salomon : Quomodo, inquit, ita jaces? Marcol. Tu præcepisti mihi ne amplius me videres in mediis oculis : si autem non vis me videre in mediis oculis, videas me in medio culi.—(*Ad fin. Epist. Obscurorum Virorum*, 12mo. Franc. 1643, p. 603.)

P. 13, l. 25.—Matthew vi. 21.

P. 14, l. 7.—*Secatour*.] *i.e.* an executor. This class of persons fall under a severe satire in an old proverb printed in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*,—"Two *secaturs* and an overseer make three thieves."

P. 15, l. 17.—*Bayard*.] Probably the term for a bay horse. The old proverb of Bayard the Blind is the reverse of "look before you leap." Audelay compares himself to old blind Bayard.

P. 15, l. 25.—Matthew xxv. 41.

P. 16, l. 12.—*Oure gentil ser Jone*.] Audelay here describes one of his brother monks, and in lines of no contemptible merit. The baselard, though often worn by priests, was forbidden, and John Marks, in his poem on the duties of a parish priest, inveighs strongly against its being worn by persons in holy orders. Compare *Piers Ploughman*, p. 302.

If lewed men wiste  
 What this Latyn meneth,  
 And who was myn auctour,  
 Muche wonder me thinketh,  
 But if many a preest beere,  
 For hir baselardes and hir broches,  
 A peire of bedes in hir hand,  
 And a book under hir arme.  
 Sire Johan and sire Geffrey  
 Hath a girdel of silver,  
 A *baselard* or a ballok-knyf,  
 With botons over gilte.

P. 16, l. 25.—Ecclesiastes i. 2,

P. 18, l. 14.—*Aperte et distincte.*] The indistinct manner in which the reading or chanting was often performed, furnished subject for many complaints. See Wright's notes to Piers Ploughman, p. 547. The following verses are in MS. Lansd. 762:—

Hii sunt qui Psalmos corrumpunt nequiter almos :  
Jangler cum jasper, lepar, galper quoque, draggar.  
Momeler, for-skypper, for-reynner, sic et over-leper,  
Fragmina verborum Tutivillus colligit horum.

P. 18, l. 17.—*Mi pepyl.*] See Matthew xv. 8.

P. 19, l. 1. A Latin heading is here so nearly destroyed by the binder, as to be unintelligible.

P. 22, l. 1.—*A cheré fayre.*] Cherry fairs are still held in Worcestershire on Sunday evenings, in the cherry orchards; and being often made the resort for lovers, and the light and gay, may appropriately retain their significant type of the uncertainty and vanity of the things of this world. The simile is used by Gower, and other early writers. The cherry season was a time of some consequence in our Western counties, and, in some respects, is so still. See Piers Ploughman, p. 86.

P. 22, l. 10.—*Bodmys.*] Read, bodyius.

P. 23, l. 10.—Luke xiv. 11.

P. 23, l. 14.—*Abaté.*] Read, abate.

P. 24, l. 26.—Leviticus xxii. 31.

P. 28, l. 12.—Matthew vii. 7.

P. 28, l. 26.—Luke xi. 9.

P. 31, l. 3.—*Apeny.*] Read, a peny.

P. 31, l. 10.—Luke vi. 36.

P. 31, l. 24.—*Nullum.*] See 1 Peter iii. 9. We should here probably read *non*.

P. 32, l. 26.—*To Oxford to scole.*] These curious lines have already been quoted by Mr. James Heywood in his edi-

tion of the Merton College Statutes. In the second line we should read *hyndryd*.

P. 33, l. 20.—*Ald.*] This form of the word may be still heard in Shropshire.

P. 36, l. 14.—John x. 14.

P. 36, l. 25.—Matthew xvi. 19.

P. 37, l. 15.—*A loller.*] The origin of the term *lollard* is doubtful; but according to Mr. Wright, it seems to mean generally people who go about from place to place with a hypocritical show of praying and devotion, nearly corresponding to the modern appellation of *methodists*. Here it refers to the new sect which had sprung up with Wickliffe, but the term was certainly in use both in Germany and in England, long before the reformed religion was broached in this country by the reformer of Lutterworth. Johannes Hocsemius, quoted by Ducange, says in his chronicle of the year 1309, “Eodem anno quidam hypocritæ gyrovagi, qui *Lollardi sive Deum laudantes* vocabantur, per Hannoniam et Brabantiam quasdam mulieres nobiles deceperunt.” The term, used in the latter part of the fourteenth century as one of reproach, was afterwards contemptuously given to the Church reformers.

P. 40, l. 7.—Matthew vi. 24.

P. 44, l. 11.—*Ressayns.*] Read, *ressayus*.

P. 44, l. 22.—Luke, i. 37.

P. 48, l. 22.—*Præliantur.*] Read, *præmunitur*.

P. 49, l. 26.—*Loveday*] So in the *House of Fame*, ii. 187:—

Mo *love-dayis*, and mo accordes,  
Than on instrumentis ben cordes,  
And eke of love mo exchaungis  
Than ever corne were in graungis.

P. 49, l. 27.—Psalm lxxxv. 10.

P. 49, l. 29.—*Asife.*] Read, *asise*.

P. 51, l. 3.—*Favel.*] Flattery. So in *Piers Ploughman*,  
p. 28:—



Loke up on thi left half,  
 And lo where he stondesth !  
 Both Fals and *Favel*,  
 And hire feeser manye.

P. 53, l. 11.—*Make amendys.*] The following extract from a curious MS. of the fifteenth century, in the Public Library at Cambridge, Ff. ii. 38, will illustrate this passage :—

Man, yf thou wilt of batayls blynnne,  
 And charyté kepe in eche chaunce,  
 My mercy soone schalt thou wynne,  
 So thou do fruytys of penaunce.  
 Loke thyn herte be contryte wythynne,  
 And sory for thy mysgovernaunce ;  
 What profytyth the to shryve thy synne,  
 But thou in herte have repentaunce ?  
 Thou scornest, and penance doyst thou noone,  
 For thy synne but thyn herte be sore ;  
 For worldely losse thou makest moone,  
 Thou synnest and sorowest noght therefore.  
 And yf thy body were woo begone,  
 What byttur medycyne the ȝeven were,  
 Joying thou woldest hyt take anoone,  
 To boodely hele the to restore.  
 Thy sowle with synne ys goostly slayne,  
 And thou with-owt sorow thy synne telles ;  
 To do soche penaunce thou art not fayne,  
 As thy schryfte, Fadur, the counsayles.  
 Thou wylt never restore aȝayne  
 False goten good that thou wyth melles.  
 Man thou muste algates suffre payne  
 For thy synne here, or somewhere elles .  
 Hyt ys impossyble and may not be,  
 To passe fro yoye to yoye worthy :  
 Take the cross to the and folow me,  
 If thou wylt to my blys up sye,  
 Sekenes and all adversyté,  
 Whatsoever cometh suffre pacyently.  
 Hate alwey synne and fro hyt flee,  
 And make amendys, man, or thou dye !  
 Lord, yf me grace amendys to make,  
 For of my selfe me faylyth powere,  
 Synne that ys deedly to forsake,  
 And to do dedys that worthy meryte were.  
 In this worlde send me woo and wrake,  
 For synnes that y have doon seere ;  
 Who hath no dysese here he may qwake,  
 Them that thou lovest thou chastysest here !

For my sake xxx<sup>ti</sup> 3eere and moo,  
 Grete travayle in erthe for me thou hadd;  
 Thy modur and thy postelys also,  
 In grete dyssese ther lyfeys they ladde.  
 In adversyté and moche woo,  
 Marturs and confessours weren cladd;  
 In soche a compeny to go,  
 In thy lyverey y schule be gladd.  
 Sythen the derlyng that with the doythe dwelle,  
 Had soche an adversyté in thys lyfe;  
 What hert may thenk or tunge telle,  
 The peyne, the angwysch, and the stryfe  
 That dampned men schulle have in helle,  
 There endeles woos and sorowes ben ryfe?  
 I wole for-sake my synnes felle,  
 And to a dyscreet prest y wole me schryfe;  
 In trewe penaunce ys myn entente,  
 From hens forward my tyme to spende,  
 And kepe y wole thy commaundement,  
 Ellys in helle fyer y schalle be brende!  
 Ryalle repeyre, ryche robes, and rente,  
 What may they helpe me at myn ende?  
 But y the serve y schalle be schente,  
 Mercy, Jesue, y wole amende!

P. 58, l. 8.—*Aysel*.] i.e. vinegar.

P. 59, l. 13.—*Euere*.] Read, everé.

P. 60, l. 13.—*Cos*.] i.e. a kiss.

P. 63, l. 2.—Luke xxiii. 42.

P. 63, l. 4.—Luke xxiii, 43.

P. 63, l. 26.—Matthew xxvii. 46.

P. 64, l. 1.—Mark xvi. 34.

P. 64, l. 10.—John xx. 28.

P. 64, l. 23.—Luke-xxiii. 46.

P. 65, l. 7.—John xx. 30.

P. 71, l. 8.—Luke i. 28.

P. 76, l. 7.—This legend does not seem to be in the Acta Sanctorum, but see ii. 153.

FINIS.

# ST. BRANDAN :

## A Mediæval Legend of the Sea,

IN ENGLISH VERSE AND PROSE.

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EDITED BY

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## PREFACE.

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ONE of the most remarkable and widely spread legends of the Middle Ages, was that of St. Brandan. Almost all nations which lived near the sea have had their legendary navigators. St. Brandan was a Christian Ulysses, and his story had much the same influence on the western Catholics, as the *Odyssey* upon the Greeks. There are several remarkable points of similarity between St. Brandan and the Sinbad of the Arabian Nights, and at least one incident in the two narratives is identical,—that of the disaster on the back of the great fish. How far the Christians of the West were acquainted with the story of Sinbad it is difficult to say, but we have nearly conclusive reasons for believing that the legend of St. Brandan was known at an early period to the Arabs. Some of the Arabian geographers describe the “Island of Sheep,” and the “Island of Birds,” in the Western Ocean, in words which must have been taken from our Christian legend.

The legend of St. Brandan exercised an influence on geographical science down to a late

period, and it entered as an important element in the feelings of the Spanish sailors when they went to the discovery of America. There are, indeed, some incidents in the legend which might be supposed to have arisen from the traditional stories of early adventurers, (for such there were without doubt), who had been accidentally or designedly carried far out in the extreme west. So late as the end of the sixteenth century, the Spaniards and Portuguese believed in the existence of the Isle of St. Brandan, situated in the direction of the Canaries, which was seen sometimes by accident, but which could never be found when sought for (*quando se busca no se halla.*) This notion existed still later in Ireland. Several expeditions were fitted out by the Spaniards in search of this island; a king of Portugal is said to have made a conditional cession of it to another person, "when it should be found"; and when the crown of Portugal ceded its right over the Canaries to the Castilians, the treaty included the Island of St. Brandan, as the *island which had not yet been found*. There were many who believed that this isle of St. Brandan had served as the retreat of Don Rodrigo, when Spain was invaded by the Arabs, and at a later period of king Sebastian, after the fatal battle of Alcazar.

As far as I have been able to trace the history of the Legend of St. Brandan, I am inclined to



think that it first took the definite form in which it afterwards appeared, in the latter part of the eleventh century, at which time, probably, the Latin prose narrative was written; although I think M. Jubinal has somewhat over-rated the antiquity of the manuscripts used for his edition. Metrical versions of the legend, in Latin and Anglo-Norman, appeared in England as early as the reign of Henry I, and are preserved in manuscripts in the British Museum, the Latin one in MS. Cotton. Vespas D. XI., and the Anglo-Norman version, dedicated to Henry's queen, Aaliz, in MS. Cotton. Vespas. B.X. The MSS. of the prose Latin text are very numerous; it has been edited, with early French versions in prose and verse, by M. Achille Jubinal, in an interesting volume entitled *La Légende Latine de S. Brandaines, avec une traduction inédite en prose et en poésie Romanes*, 8vo., Paris, 1836, to which I refer for further information on the subject, and for an account of the numerous other versions in almost every language of the West, several of which were printed in the earlier ages of typography.

The English metrical version of this legend, now printed for the first time, is extracted from the early metrical series of Saints' Lives, which is so frequently met with among English manuscripts,

and which appears to have been composed towards the end of the thirteenth, or beginning of the fourteenth century. The copy from which it is here printed, (MS. Harl. No. 2277, fol. 41, v<sup>o</sup>.) is of the earlier part of the fourteenth century. This version is somewhat abridged from the Latin text, and differs so much from it in one or two circumstances, that it would appear to have been taken immediately from some other source. The English prose version is taken from Wynkyn de Worde's edition of the Golden Legend (Lond. 1527), and may assist such of our readers as are less intimately acquainted with the language of the fourteenth century, in understanding the metrical legend. I have never examined into the question of the immediate source of the Lives in the English Golden Legend, but there is such a close resemblance between the two versions here printed, not unfrequently approaching to an identity of words, that there can be little doubt of the one having been taken from the other. In the few hasty notes thrown together at the end, I have selected two or three various readings from a collation (made several years ago) of the text of the Harleian manuscripts, with a good copy of the metrical Saints' Lives, in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, R. 3, 25.

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# THE METRICAL LIFE OF ST. BRANDAN.

---

SEINT Brendan the holi man was 3und of Irlandē;  
Monek he was of hard lyf, as ich understonde,  
Of fasting, of penance y-nouȝ; abbod he was there  
Of a thousand monekes that alle an under him were.  
So that hit ful an a dai, as oure Loverdes wille was,  
That Barint, another abbot, to him com bi cas;  
Seint Brendan him bisoȝte anon that he scholde under-  
stonde,  
And telle that he i-seȝ aboute in other londe.  
This gode man, tho he hurde this, sikinges he makede  
y-nowe,  
And bigan to wepe in gret thoȝt, and ful adoun i-suoȝe.  
Bituene his armes seint Brendan this holi man up nom,  
And custe and cride on him forte that his wit aȝe com:  
“Fader,” he seide, “par charité, other red thu most  
take;  
Hider thu com for oure solaz, and for such deol to make,  
Tel ous what thu hast i-seȝe, as thu hast aboute i-wend  
In the mochele see of occian, as oure Loverd the hath  
i-send.”

Nou is the see of occian grettest and mest also,  
 For he goth the wordle aboute and alle othere goth  
 therto.

So that Barint the olde man rízt at his hurte grounde,  
 Wel wepinge bigan to telle what he er founde ;  
 He seide, " Ich hadde a godson, Mernoc was his name,  
 Monek he was as we beoth, and man of grete fame,  
 So that his hurte gan wende to a privei stede and stille,  
 Ther he miȝte alone beo to servi God at wille ;  
 So that bi mi leve he wende and alone drouȝ  
 To an ylle that is in the see that is delitable y-nouȝ,  
 Biside the Montayne of Stones that couth is wel wide.  
 So longe that this gode monek in this ylle gan abide,  
 That he hadde under him monekes meni on.  
 Anon tho ich i-hurde this, thider-ward ich gan gon,  
 So that in avisioun oure suete Loverd him kende,  
 That aȝe me, er ich comether, threo journeyes he wende.  
 So that we dude ous in a schip, and evere est-ward we  
 drowe

In the see of occian with turmentz y-nowe.  
 Toward than estsofur we wende, that we come atte laste  
 In a stude suythe durc and clouden overcaste ;  
 Al o tide of the dai we were in durchede.  
 Atte laste oure suete Loverd forthere ous gan lede,  
 So that we seȝe ane lond, thiderward oure schip drouȝ,  
 Briȝttterehit thoȝte than the sonne, joye ther was y-nouȝ.  
 Of treon, of erbes, thikke hit stod biset in eche side ;  
 Of preciose stones ek that briȝte schyneth wide ;  
 Eche erbe was ful of floures, eche treo ful of frut,  
 Bote hit were in hevene nas nevere more dedut.

Therinne with joye y-nouȝ longe we gonne wende ;  
 Theȝ hit ous lute while thoȝte, we ne miȝte fynde non  
 ende,

So that we come to a water cler and briȝt y-nouȝ,  
 That evene fram-ward than est to-ward thane west  
 drouȝ.

We stode and bihulde aboute, for we ne miȝte over  
 wende ;

Ther com to ous a ȝung man suythe fair and hende,  
 He welcomede ous everechon miltheliche and suete,  
 And nemnede evereches owe name, and wel myldeliche  
 ous gan grete,

And seide, “ȝe miȝte wel Jhesu Crist wel faire thonki  
 mid riȝte,

That schoweth ȝou his priveité and so moche of his  
 miȝte.

This the lond that he wole ȝut er the wordles ende  
 His durlings an urthe ȝeve, and hider hi schulle wende ;  
 This lond is half in this side, as ȝe seoth wel wide,  
 And biȝunde the water halfen-del al bi thother side.  
 That water ne mowe ȝe passi noȝt, that other del to  
 i-seo,

Her ȝe habbeth al a ȝer meteles i-beo,  
 That ȝe ne ete ne drinke noȝt, ne slepe mid ȝoure eȝe ;  
 Ne chile ne hete ne fonde ȝe noȝt, ne no nyȝt i-seȝe ;  
 For this is Godes privé stede, thurf him is al this lizt,  
 Therefore hit worth her evre dai, and nevre more niȝt.  
 If man nadde aȝe Godes heste nothing mis-do,  
 Herinne hi hadde ȝut i-lyved and here ofspring also.  
 ȝe ne mote bileve her no leng, agen ȝe mote fare,

Theȝ hit ne thenche ȝou bote a while, ȝe habbeth i-beo  
her ȝare."

That so he brouȝte ous in our schip, and faire his leve  
nom :

And tho we were ham-ward in the see, we nuste whar  
he bicom.

Aȝe-ward we wende aȝen oure wille, that of-thoȝte ous  
sore y-nouȝ,

Aȝen to this other monekes this schip wel evene drouȝ;  
This monekes urne aȝen ous, tho hi ous miȝte i-seo,  
And sori were and wrothe y-nouȝ that we hadde so long  
i-beo.

We seide hem that we hadde i-beo in alle joye and feste,  
Bifore the ȝates of Paradys, in the lond of biheste,  
That oure suete Loverd hath bihote hem that he loveth  
her,

Ther is evere dai, and nevere niȝt, and evere liȝt suythe  
cler.

" Certes," quath this monekes, " this we mowe i-seo  
Bi the suete smyl of ȝou, that ȝe habbeth ther i-beo."

THO seint Brendan i-hurde this, he thoȝte and stod  
stille;

He wende about his monekes, and tuelve out he nom,  
That he triste to mest of alle whan eni neode him com;  
Thuse he nom in consail, and in priveté sede,

" Siggeth what ȝoure consail is to do such a dede."

" Leove fader," quath this othere, " oure wille we hab-  
beth forsake,

Oure freond and al oure other god, and clanliche to  
the i-take;

And whan al oure dede is on the, and thu wost that  
hit beo,

We schulle blitheliche with the wende Godes grace to  
seo."

So that hi faste fourti dawes, and gret penance dude also,  
And bede ȝurne oure Loverdes grace thulke veyage  
to do.

Hi leten hem diȝte a gret schip, and above hit al bi-caste  
With bole huden stronge y-nou y-nailed therto faste,  
And siththe i-piched al above, that the water ne come.  
Hi wende to here bretheren, and wel faire here leve  
nome,

And siththe in oure Loverdes name to schipe wende  
anon ;

Here bretheren that bihynde were sori were echon.  
And tho hi were in the schip, after ther come go tuo,  
And bede faste that hi moste thane wei mid hem go.  
"ȝe mowe wel," quath seint Brendan, "ac ȝoure on  
schal atta ende

Repenti er he com aȝe, and al quic to helle wende."  
Thider wende this holi man whoder oure Loverd hem  
sende,

And this tui monekes that come last also with hem  
wende.

**I**N the grete see of occian forth hi rewe faste,  
And triste al to oure Loverdes grace, and nothing  
nere agaste.

The see drof here schip after wil, the wynd was gret  
y-nouȝ :

As the wynd hem drof est forth, wel evene the schip  
him drouȝ

Evene aȝe that the sonne ariseth a midsomeres day :  
 Nou nuste non of hem whar he was, ne no lond he ne  
 say.

Evene forth riȝt fourti dayes the wynd hem drof faste,  
 So that hi seȝe in the north side a gret ylle atte laste,  
 Of harde roche and gret y-nou, in the see wel heȝe ;  
 Threo dayes hi wende ther-aboute er hi miȝte come  
 ther neȝe.

A lute havene he fonde tho, a-lond hi wende there,  
 Hi wende a-lond as maskede men, hi nuste war hi were ;  
 Ther com go a wel fair hound, as hit were hem to lere ;  
 At seint Brendanes fet he ful a-down, and makede faire  
 chere.

“Beau freres,” quath seint Brendan, “ȝe ne thore  
 nothing drede ;

Ich wot this is a messenger the riȝte wei out to lede.”  
 This hound ladde this holi man to an halle fair y-nouȝ,  
 Gret and sterc and suythe noble, evene in he drouȝ.  
 This monekes fonde in this halle bord and cloth i-sprad,  
 And bred and fisch ther-uppe y-nouȝ, ther was non  
 that nas glad.

Hi sete a-down and ete faste, for hem luste wel ther-to ;  
 Beddes ther were al ȝare y-maked, er here soper were  
 i-do,

After here soper to bedde hi wende to resten hem as  
 the wise.

Tho hi hadde alle i-slepe y-nouȝ, sone hi gonne arise,  
 And wende to here schip, as hi hadde er i-beo ;  
 In the see wel longe hi were er hi miȝte lond i-seo.  
 Tho hi seȝe, as bi thother side, an ylle fair y-nouȝ,  
 Grene and wel fair lese, thider-ward here schip drouȝ



Tho hi come on this faire lond, and bihulde aboute wide,  
 The faireste scheep that miȝte beo hi seȝe in eche side ;  
 A scheep was grettere than an oxe, whittere ne miȝte  
     non beo.

Gret joye hi hadde in here hurte, that hi miȝte this i-seo.  
 Ther com go a wel fair man, and grette hem with faire  
     chere,

And seide, “ȝe beoth hider i-come ther ȝe nevere nere :  
 This is i-cliped the Lond of Scheep, for scheep wel  
     faire her beoth,

Mochele and white and grete y-nouȝ, as ȝe al dai i-seoth ;  
 Fairere hi beoth than ȝoure scheep, grettere unylicheȝ  
 For murie weder is her y-nouȝ, and lese suythe riche.  
 Her nis nevere wynter non, for her nis non i-founde,  
 Achieteth therbes nue as hi springeth of the g[ro]unde ;  
 Ne me ne gadereth noȝt of here mulc, that hi schold  
     the worse beo,

For this thing and meni other the bet hi mowe i-theo.  
 To a stede ȝe schulle hunne wende, thurf oure Loverdes  
     grace,

That is Foweles Parays, a wel joyful place ;  
 Ther ȝe shulle this Ester beo, and this Witsonedai also.  
 Wendeth forth a Godes name, that this veyage were i-do !”

**S**EINT Brendan and his bretheren to schipe wende  
     anon,

And rue forthe faste in the see, with tempest meni on,  
 So that hi seȝe in another side an ylle gret y-nouȝ ;  
 Here schip thurf Godes grace thider-wardes drouȝ.  
 Tho hit cam almost ther-to, upe the roche hit gan ride,

That hit ne miȝte noȝt to the yle come, ac bilevede  
biseide.

This monekes wende up to this yle, ac seint Brendan  
noȝt ;

This monekes gonne make here mete of that hi hadde  
i-broȝt.

Hi makede fur, and soden hem fisch in a caudroun faste ;  
Er this fish were i-sode, somdel hi were agaste.

For tho this fur was thurf hot, the yle quakede anon,  
And with gret eir hupte al up ; this monekes dradde  
echon,

Hi bihulde hou the yle in the see wende faste,  
And as a quic thing hupte up and down, and that fur  
fram him caste.

He suam more than tui myle while this fur i-laste.  
The monekes i-seȝe the fur wel longe, and were sore  
agaste ;

Hi cride ȝurne on seint Brendan, what the wonder were.  
“ Beoth stille,” quath this gode man, “ for noȝt ȝe nabbe  
fere !

ȝe weneth that hit beo an yle, ac ȝe thencheth amis,  
Hit is a fisch of this grete see, the gretteste that ther is,  
Jascom he is i-cleped, and fondeth niȝt and dai  
To putte his tail in his mouth, ac for gretnisse he ne  
mai.”

Forth hi rue in the see evene west wel faste  
Threo dayes er hi seȝe lond, hi were somdel agaste ;  
Tho seȝen hi a wel fair lond, of floures thikke y-nouȝ.  
Wel glade hi were tho hi seȝe that here schip thider  
drouȝ.

In this faire lond hi wende lengere than ich telle,  
 So that hi fonde in a place a suythe noble welle;  
 Bi the welle stode a treo, brod and round y-nouȝ,  
 Foweles white and faire y-nouȝ were in everech bouȝ,  
 That unethe eni leef hi miȝte theron i-seo,  
 Ther was joye and blisse y-nouȝ to lokie on suche o  
       treo.

SEINT Brendan for joye wep, and sat a-doun a-kneo,  
 And bad oure Loverd schowi him what such a cas  
       miȝte beo.

Tho fleȝ ther up a lute fowel, tho he gan to fleo,  
 As a fithle his wyngesfurde tho he to him-ward gan teoȝ  
 Murie instrument nevere nas that his wyngen were.  
 He bihuld seint Brendan with wel faire chere.  
 "Ich hote," seide seint Brendan, "if thu ert messenger,  
 That thu sigge me what ert, and what ȝe doth her."  
 Theȝ hit thoȝte aȝe cunde, this fowel ansuerede anon,  
 "We were," he seide, "sum tyme was, angles in hevene  
       echon;

As sone as we were y-maked, oure maister was to prout,  
 Lucefer, for his fairhede, that he ful sone out,  
 And mid him also meni on, as here dede was,  
 And we fulle also a-doun, ac for no synne hit nas,  
 Ac for nothing that we assentede to his foule unriȝt,  
 Bote soulement for to schewe oure Loverdes suete miȝt;  
 Ne we ne beoth her in pyne non, ac in joye y-nouȝ  
       we beoth,

And somdel oure suete Loverdes miȝte we seoth,  
 And bi the urthe we fleoth, and bi the lifte also,  
 As gode angles and lithere ek riȝt is for to do,

The gode to do men god, the lithere lithere makieth ;  
 And Sonedai, that is dai of rest, such forme we maketh,  
 The forme of suche white foweles as thu miȝt i-seo,  
 Honureth God that ous makede her on this brode treo.  
 Tuelf month hit i-passed nou, that ȝe gunne out wende,  
 And alle this six ȝer e schulle fare, er ȝe schulle bringe  
           ȝoure wille to ende ;

Forwhan ȝe habbeth i-wend sove ȝer, oure Loverd wole  
           ȝou sende

A siȝt that ȝe habbeth longe i-soȝt, anon after the sove  
           ȝeres ende ;

Eche ȝer ȝe schulle her mid ous holde Ester feste,  
 As ȝe nou doth, forte ȝe come to the lond of biheste.”  
 Nou was hit an Esterdai that al this was i-do :  
 The fowel nom his leve of hem, and to his felawes  
           wende tho.

The foweles tho hit eve was, bigonne here evesong ;  
 Muriere song ne miȝte i-beo, theȝ God silf were among.  
 The monekes wende to bedde and slepe, tho soper was i-do,  
 And tho hit was tyme of matyns hi arise ther-to.  
 The foweles sunge ek here matyns wel riȝt tho hit was  
           tyme,

And of the Sauter seide the vers, and sith the al to prime,  
 And underne sith the and middai, and afterwardes non,  
 And eche tyde songen of the dai as cristene men scholde  
           don.

This monekes were in the lond eiȝt wyke also,  
 For to al the feste of Ester and of Witsonedai were i-do ;  
 Tho com atte Trinité this gode man to hem ther,  
 That spac with hem in the Lond of Scheep, and ladde  
           about er,

He chargede here schip suythe wel mid mete and drinke  
y-nouȝ,

And nom his leve wel hendeliche, and aȝe-ward drouȝ.  
Tho seint Brendan was in his schip and his bretheren  
also,

This fowel that spac with hem er, wel sone com hem to.  
He seide, “ȝe habbeth her with ous this heȝefeste i-beo,  
Gret travayl ȝou is to come er ȝe eftsone lond i-seo;  
ȝe schulleth after sove monthes i-seo a wel fair yle,  
That Abbey is i-cliped, that is hunne meni a myle.  
ȝe schulleth beo mid holie men this mydewynter there,  
ȝoure Ester ȝe schulle holde ther as ȝe dude to ȝere,  
Upe the grete fisches rugge, ther thi monekes were in  
fere,

And ȝoure Ester mid ous riȝt as ȝe nou were.”

Seint Brendan a Godes name, and his bretheren echon,  
In the grete see of occian forth wende anon;  
The wynde hem harlede up and down in peryls meni on,  
So weri hi were of here lyve, that hi nuste whoder gon.  
Four monthes hi were in the see, in this grete turment,  
That hi ne seȝe nothing bote the see and the firmament;  
Tho seȝen hi fur fram hem an ylle as hit were,  
Hi cride ȝurne on Jhesu Crist that hi muste aryve there.  
ȝut after than that seint Brendan furst this yle i-seȝ,  
In the see hi wende fourti dayes er hi miȝte come ther neȝ;  
That hem thoȝte here lyf hem was loth, this monekes  
were agaste,

Hi cride ȝurne on Jhesu Crist, and his help bede faste.  
A lute havene suythe streit hi fonde atte laste,  
Unethe here schip com ther neȝ, here ankre ther hi cast.  
This monekes wende ther a-lond, wel longe hem thoȝte er,

Hi wende and bihulde aboute, wel murie hem thoȝte  
ther,

So that hi seȝe twei faire wellen, that on was suythe cler,  
And thother wori and thikke y-nou ; the monekes ȝeode  
ner

To drinke of this faire wil ; seint Brende seide tho he  
hit i-seȝ,

“Withoute leve of other men ne come noȝt ther neȝ,  
Of olde men that therinne beoth, for mid gode wille  
Hi wolleth parti therof with ȝou, therefore beoth ȝut  
stille.”

A fair old man and suythe hor aȝen hem com gon,  
He wolcomede hem faire y-nouȝ, and seint Brendan  
custe anon.

He nom and ladde him bi the hond bi a fair wei,  
Aboute into meni o stede, and siththe into an abbei.  
Seint Brendan bihuld aboute, and eschtewhat hit were,  
And what maner men were therinne, and ho wonede  
there :

Stille him was that olde man, and ne ȝaf him non  
ansuere.

Tho seȝe hi come a fair covent, and a croice to-fore hem  
bere,

With taperes in eche side, monekes hit were echon,  
Revested in faire copes aȝen hem hi come anon,  
With processoun fair y-nou ; the abbot bihynde com,  
And faire custe seint Brendan and bi the hond him nom,  
And ladde him and his monekes into a wel fair halle,  
And sette hem a-doun a-renk, and wosche here fet alle.  
Of the wori wel hi wosche here fet, that hi er i-seȝe ;

Into the freitour hi ladde hem siththe and sette hem  
ther wel heȝe

I-melled with his owe covent ; tho hi were alle i-sete,  
Ther com on and servede hem, and brouȝte hem alle  
mete ;

A fair whit lof he sette, bituene tuo and tuo,  
White mores as hit were of erbes bifore hem sette also,  
Suettere thing ne miȝte beo, hi ne knewe hit noȝt on,  
Of the clere wel that hi seȝe er the monekes dronke  
echon.

“Beoth nou glade,” the abbot seide, “and drinketh  
nou y-nouȝ,

In charité, of thulke water that ȝe wolde er with wouȝ ;  
Hit is betere dronke in charité, whan hit is ȝou i-brouȝt,  
Than ȝe hit theoffliche nome, as ȝe hadde er i-thoȝt.

This bred that we eteth nou, we nuteth whanne hit is,  
Ac a strong man hit bringeth ech dai to oure celer i-wis ;  
We nuteth noȝt bote thurf God whannes hit is i-brouȝt,  
For ho so douteth Jhesu Crist, him ne failleth noȝt.

Four and tuenti freres we beoth her, and whan we  
beoth i-sete,

Tuelf suche loves eche dai me bringeth ous to mete ;  
And feste and everech holi day, and whan hit Sone-  
dai is,

Me bringith ous four and tuenti loves, and ech monек  
haveth his,

That ech frere of that he leveth wite to his soper ;  
For ȝou hit is to-dai i-dubled, as ȝe seoth nou her.  
For oure covent nis noȝt her, for moche del is un-y-ete,  
So that oure Loverd thurf his grace ech dai sendeth  
oure mete,

Siththe seint Patrikes dai, and seint Alvey also.

We habbeth i-beo her fourscore ȝer that noman ne com  
ous to ;

Evereft oure Loverd thurf his grace i-fed ous hath  
echon.

This weder is murie evere ek, and siknisse nis ther non.  
And whan we schule do oure servise, oure Loverd tent  
oure list,

And oure taperes ne beoth nothe lasse, theȝ hi berne  
day and nyȝt."

Hi arise up and to churche wende, tho hi hadde alle  
y-ete,

Tuelf other freres of the queor hi mette to-ward the  
mete.

"Hou is this?" quath seint Brendan, "nere thuse noȝt  
with ous?"

"Leove fader," the abbot seide, "hit mot nede beo thus:  
Ther nulleth bote four and tuenti monekes in oure  
celle beo i-do,

And whan ȝe were ther with ous hi ne miȝte noȝt also;  
The while we siggeth eve-song hi wolleth sitte and ete,  
Here eve-song hi wolleth sigge whan we habbeth y-ete."

SEINT Brendan bihuld here faire weved, him thoȝte  
hit was al,

Weveth and caliz and cruetz, pur cler crestal ;

Sove tapres in the queor ther were, and nomo,

And four and tuenti sigen ek, to whan hi scholde go;

For ther were four and tuenti monekes, and everech  
hadde his,

And the abbotes sige was amidde the queor i-wis.



Seint Brendan eschte the abbot, "Sei me, leove brother,  
Hou holde ȝe so wel silence, that non ne speketh mid  
other?"

"Oure Loverd hit wot," the abbot seide, "we habbeth  
her i-beo

Fourscore ȝer in suche lyve as thu miȝt i-seo,  
And ther nas nevere among ous alle i-speke in non wise  
Er this tyme non other word bote oure Loverdes  
servise,

Ne wenere never-eft in feblesce, ne in siknesse noȝt on."  
Tho seint Brendan i-hurde this he wep for joye anon:  
"Leove fader," he seide, "for Godes love, mote we  
bileve here?"

"Thu wost wel, sir," quath this other, "ȝe ne mowe  
in none manere.

Nath oure Loverd the schowed wel what thu schalt do?  
And come ȝut to Irland aȝe, and thi tuelf bretheren  
also,

And the thretteoth fram the to the ylle of ankres schal  
wende,

And the fourteoth to helle al quic, and beo ther with-  
outen ende?"

Tho ther com in a furi arewe at a fenestre anon,  
As he fram hevene come, and the tapres tende echon;  
Aȝe-ward as he com at a fenestre there,  
This tapres brende longe y-nouȝ, ac hi no the lasse  
nere.

"Loverd Crist," quath seint Brendan, "ich wondri on  
mi thoȝt,

Hou this tapres berneth thus, an ne wanyeth noȝt."

“Nastou noȝt,” quath this abbot, “in the olde lawe  
i-founde

Hou Moyses i-seȝ a thorn berne fram toppe to the  
grounde ?

The suythere that this thorn brende the grennere the  
leves were :

Ne wenstou that oure Loverd beo her as miȝti as he  
was there ?”

This monekes were togadere thus forte midewynter  
was i-do ;

Hit was twelfthe dai er hi departede a-tuo.

**A**NON to seint Hillaries dai seint Brendan forth  
wende

In the see with his monekes, thur the grace that God  
hem sende,

Urne up and doun in sorwe y-nouȝ, the see hem  
caste heȝe.

Fram thulke tyme fur in Leynte ne lond hi ne seȝe,  
So that aboute Palmsonede[i] hi bihulde about faste,  
Hi thoȝte that hi seȝe fur fram hem as a cloude atte  
laste.

This monekes wondrede moche whar this cloude were:  
“Beoth stille,” quath seint Brendan, “er this ȝe hab-  
beth i-beo there ;

Ther is oure gode procuratour, that moche god ous  
haveth i-do,

In the Fowelen Parays and in the Lond of Schep also.  
So that the schip atte laste to-ward this yle drouȝ,

A Scher-thursdai thider hi come, with travayl and  
sorwe y-nouȝ.

This procuratour com aȝen hem glad, and wolcome  
hem anon,

And custe seint Brendanes fet, and the monekes echon,  
And sitthe hemsiththe attesoper, for the dai hit wolde so,  
And siththe wosch here alre fet, here mandé to do.

Al here mandé hi hulde ther, and ther hi gonne bileve  
A Gode-Fridai aldai forto Ester eve;

An Ester eve here procuratour bad hem here schip take,  
And the holi resureccioun upe the fisches rug make,  
And after the resureccioun he het hem evene teo  
To the Fowelen Parays, ther hi hadde er i-beo.

THIS holi men wende forth, and Godes grace nome,  
So that to the grete fisch wel sone siththe hi come;  
As a lond that hovede, here caudron hi fonde there,  
As hi levede upon his rug in that other ȝere.

Loverd Crist! that such a best scholde beo so stille,  
And suffri men ther-uppe go, and do al here wille.

THE monekes upe the fisches rug bilevede alle longe  
nyȝt,

And songe matyns and eve-song, and siththe, tho hit  
was list,

Anone-ward the fisches rug hi songen here massen  
echon,

And evere was this mochele best stille so eni ston.

AS this resurexioun with gret honour was i-do,

And this monekes hadde i-songe here massen also,  
Aboute underne of the dai here wei to schipe hi nome,  
And to the Fowelen Parays thulke dai hi come.

ANON so hi seȝe the monekes come, hi gonne to  
singe ymone

Aȝen hem with gret melodie, as hit were for than one;  
 And thulke that spac with hem er sone toward hem  
 drouȝ.

The soun of him murie was, he wolcomede hem faire  
 y-nouȝ :

“ȝe auȝte,” he seide, “oure Loverd Crist onury with  
 the beste,

He purveide ȝou this four stedes to habben in ȝoure  
 reste,

With ȝoure gode procuratour, ȝoure mandé to do,  
 And siththe ȝoure resurexioun upe this fisches rug also,  
 And with ous her this eiȝte wyke forto Witsonedai,  
 And fram Midewynter to Candelmasse in thille of  
 Abbai;

And in the grete see of occian with gret travayl ȝe  
 schulle wende,

And in pyne al thother tyme, forte sove ȝeres ende;  
 And the Lond of Biheste God wole that ȝe seo,  
 And ther-inne in joye y-nouȝ fourti dayes beo;  
 And to the contrai that ȝe beoth of siththe ȝe schulle  
 wende,

Al eseliche withoute anuy, and ther ȝoure lyf ende.”

**THIS** holi men bilevede ther forte the Trinité,

Here procuratour com to hem ther hi were in gret  
 plenté;

He brouȝte hem mete and drinke y-nouȝ, as he hadde er  
 i-do,

And chargede here schip therwith and let hem wende so.

**THIS** holi men hem wende forth as God hem wolde  
 sende,

For Godes grace was with hem the bet hi miȝte wende.

As hi wende upon a tyme in gret tempest y-nouȝ,  
A gret fisch hi seȝe and grislich, that after here schip  
drouȝ ;

Berninge fom out of his mouth he caste,  
The water was heȝere than here schip bifore hem at  
eche blaste,

With his browen wel faste he schef ; this monekes were  
agaste,

And cride ȝurne on Jhesu Crist, and in seint Brendan  
also.

After the schip so faste he schef that almost he com  
therto :

As he hem hadde almost of-take, and hi ne tolde noȝt  
of here lyve,

Another fisch out of the west ther com suymminge  
blyve,

And encountrede this lithere fisch, and smot to him  
faste,

And for-clef his foule book in threo parties atte laste,  
And thane wei as he cam er wel evene aȝe he drouȝ.

This monekes thonkede Jhesu Crist, and were joyful  
y-nouȝ.

So longe hi wende this holi men in the see aboute so,  
That hi were afingred sore, for here mete was al i-do.

Ther com fleo a lute fowel, and brouȝte a gret bouȝ  
ful of grapes suythe rede, and evene to hem drouȝ ;

This grapes he tok seint Brendan, this gode man sum-  
del louȝ,

Ther-bi hi lyvede fourte nyȝt, and hadde alle mete  
y-nouȝ.

THO this grapes were alle i-do, hi were afingred sore,  
 Bi that o side hi seȝe an yle, and mete ther-innemoꝛe :  
 The yle was ful of faire treon, and so ful everech bouȝ  
 Of suche grapes as he seȝ er, that to the ground hit  
 drouȝ.

Seint Brendan wende up of this schip, of this grapes he  
 nom faste,

And bar hem to his schip, that fourti dayes hi laste.  
 Sone ther-after cam a gryp fleo faste in the see,  
 And assailede hem faste, and here schip, and fondede  
 hem to sle.

This monekes cride dulfulliche, and ne tolde noȝt of  
 here lyve ;

Tho com ther fleo a lutel fowel toward hem wel blyve,  
 That in the Fowelen Parays so ofte hem hadde i-rad.  
 Tho seint Brendan i-seȝ hem come, he nas noȝt a lute  
 glad.

This lutel fowel smot to this grymp, and sette his dunt  
 wel heȝe,

The furste dunt that he him ȝaf he smot out aither eȝe;  
 This lithere best so he sloȝ that he ful into the see ;  
 Thing that God wole habbe i-wist ne mai nothing sle.  
 This holi men wende in the see aboute her and there ;  
 Ac in on of the four stedes in reste evere hi were.

O TYME a seint Petres dai, gret feste with here tunge  
 In the see hi makede of seint Peter, and here  
 servise sunge ;

Hi come in o stede of the see, the see so cler hi founde  
 That hi seȝe on bi eche half clerliche to the grounde.  
 Hem thoȝte the ground i-heled was with fisches at one  
 hepe,

That hi ne seze non other grounde bote as hi leye aslepe.  
 This monekes hete seint Brendan that he softe speke,  
 That hi ne weigte noȝt the fisches, leste hi here schip  
 breke.

“What is ȝou?” quath seint Brendan, “whar-of beo ȝe  
 of-drad?”

Upe the maistres rug of alle fisches ȝe habbeth y-ma-  
 ked ȝou glad,

And ano-ward his rug fur y-maked, and doth fram  
 ȝere to ȝere.”

This holi man makede loudere song, as hit for than  
 one were.

**T**HE fisch sturte upe with here song, as hi awoke of  
 slepe,

And flote al aboute the schip, as hit were at one hepe;  
 So thikke hi flote aboute bi eche half, that non other  
 water me ne sez,

And bisette this schip al aboute, ac hi ne come ther neȝ.  
 So thikke hi were aboute the schip, and suede hit  
 evere so,

The while this holi man his masse song, forte he hadde  
 i-do;

And tho the masse was i-do, eche wende in his ende.  
 Moche wonder he mai i-seo, ho so wole aboute wende.  
 The wynd was strong, and stif y-nouȝ, and drof the  
 schip faste,

As fur as hi wende sove niȝt the clere see i-laste,  
 So that hi seze in the see as clerliche as hi scholde a-  
 londe;

Gret wonder hadde the gode men, and thonkede Godes  
 sonde.

THO com ther a southerne wynd, that drof hem forth-  
ward faste

Ryzt evene noȝth hi nuste whoder, that eiȝte dawes hit  
laste;

Tho seȝe hi fur in the north a lond durk y-nouȝ,  
Smokie as ther schipes were, thider-ward here schip  
drouȝ.

Tho hurden hi of bulies gret blowinge there,  
And gret beting and noyse y-nouȝ, as ther thundre  
were;

So that Brendan agaste sore, and him blescede faste.  
Ther cam out a grislich wiȝt wel lither atte laste;  
Thurf suart and berning al his eȝen upe hem he caste,  
And turnde him in anon; this monekes were agaste.  
This lither thing maked a cri that me miȝte i-hure  
wide;

Tho come ther suche schrewen mo wel thicke bi eche  
side,

With tangen and with hameres berninge meni on,  
To the brym hi urne of the see after the schip echon.  
Tho hi ne miȝte come ther neȝ, hi gonne to crie faste,  
And here oules al brenninge after the monekes caste;  
That me ne miȝte nothing bote fur i-seo ne i-hure,  
The see as he ful a-down thoȝte ek al a-fure.

Ech caste upon other his oules al an heȝ,  
And aboute the schip in the see, ac nevere ne cam non  
neȝ.

Atte laste hi turnde hem aȝen, tho hi ne spedde noȝt  
there,

And al that lond thoȝte hem ek a-fur as theȝ hit were,



And al the see ther-aboutē smokede and brende faste,  
Strong was that stench and that longe i-lastē.

Tho the monekes were so fur that hi ne miȝte i-seo no-  
more,

Here ȝullinge ȝut hi hurde, the schrewen wepe sore.

“Hou thingth ȝou,” quath seint Brendan, “was this a  
murie pas ?

We ne wilnyeth come her nomore, an ende of helle  
hit was,

And the develen hopedē wel of ous habbe i-had a god  
cas ;

Ac i-hered beo Jhesu Crist, hi caste an ambesas.”

THE southerne wynd i-lastē ȝut, and drof hem evere  
forth,

So that hi seȝe an hulle wel heȝ fur in the north,

Cloudi and berninge smoke, gret stench was there ;

The lie of the fur stod an heȝ as hit a was were :

If ther was moche smoke in than other, ȝut was ther  
wel more.

On of his monekes bigan tho to wepe and ȝulle sore ;

For his tyme was to i-come that he ne miȝte no leng  
abide,

He hipte him amidde the see out of the schip biside,

And orn him faste upon this water to this grisliche  
fure ;

He cride and ȝal so dulfulliche, that ruthe hit was to  
hure :

“Allas!” he seide, “mi wrecche lyf! for nou ich i-seo  
myn ende,

Mid ȝou ich habbe in joye i-beo, and y ne mai mid ȝou  
wende :

Acursed beo heo that me bar, and the tyme that ich  
was i-bore,

And the fader that me biȝat, for ich am nou for-lore !"

A<sup>3</sup>EN him the develen come anon, and nome thane  
wrecche faste,

And defoulede him stronge y-nouȝ, and amidde the fur  
him caste.

Tho he fonde that seint Brendan seide tho he out wende,  
Him faillede grace, hou so hit was, his lyf to amende.  
So stronge brende the mountayne, that nothing hi ne  
seȝe,

The ȝut hi were fur ther-fram, bote fur and lie.

Tho turnde the wynd into the north; and south-ward  
hem drof faste,

In thulke side strong y-nouȝ sove nyȝt the wynd i-laste.  
SO longe hi wende evene south, that hi seȝe attan  
ende

A hard roch in the see, and the see ther-over wende ;  
Ther-over the see caste i-lome and ofte he was bar.

Tho hi come the roche neȝ of other hi were i-war :

Ano-ward tho se hi seȝe sitte, wan the see withdrouȝ,  
A wrecche gost sitte naked, bar and meseise y-nouȝ;

Above him was a cloth i-teid mid twei tongen faste,  
The nyther ende tilde to his chynne, over al the wynd  
him caste,

That the water withdrouȝ, the cloth that heng heȝe  
Beot as the wynd bleu the wrecche amidde than eȝe.

The wawes beote him of the see bifore and eke bihynde;  
Wrecchedere gost than he was ne mai noman fynde.

Saint Brendan bad him a Godes name telle him what  
he were,

And what he hadde God mis-do, and whi he sete there.  
 “Ich am,” he seide, “a dulful gost, wrecche Judas,  
 That for pans oure Loverd solde, and an urthe mid him  
 was;

Nis this noȝt mi riȝte stede, ac oure Loverd me doth  
 grace

To habbe her mi parays, as ȝe seoth, in this place,  
 For no godnisse that ich habbe i-do, bote of oure Lo-  
 verdes milce and ore,

For y ne miȝte habbe so moche pyne that y nere worthe  
 more ;

For in the brenninge hul that ech of ȝou i-say

Mi riȝt is to beo and brenne bothe nyȝt and day.

Ther ich was this other dai tho ȝoure brother thider com,

And was into pyne i-lad, and sone hadde his dom ;

Therefore helle was tho glad y-nouȝ, that he makede the  
 grettere lye

For joye tho he was i-come that ȝe so fur i-sye.

So he doth whan eni soule furst is thider i-come.

Thurf oure Loverdes suete milce ich am nou thanne  
 y-nome;

For ich am her ech Soneday, and fram the Saterdayes  
 eve

Forte hit beo thane Soneday eve her ich schal bileve,

And at Midewynter ek forte tuelfthe day beo i-do,

And fram byginning ek of Ester forte Whitsoneday  
 also,

And at oure Lefdi feste ek, for ful of milce heo is ;

In al the other tyme of the ȝer in helle ich am i-wis,

With Pilatus, Herodes, Anne, and Kayfas.

Bote ich mai cursi the tyme that ich i-bore was;  
 And ich bidde 3ou for the love of God that 3e fondie in  
     alle wyse,

That ich bileve her al nigt forte the sonne arise,  
 And that 3e wite me fram the develen that cometh some  
     after me."

SEINT Brendan seide, "Thurf Godes grace we  
     schulle schulde the :

Tel me what is the cloth that so he3e hongeth there."

"Tho ich was an urthe," quath Judas, "and oure Lo-  
     verdes pans ber,

This cloth ich 3af a mesel, and for myne nas hit no3t,  
 Ac hit was mid oure Loverdes pans and mid oure bre-  
     therne i-bo3t ;

Ac for ich hit 3af for Godes love nou hit is me bifore,  
 For me ne schal nothing for him do that schal beo  
     forlore;

And for hit was other mannes, as myn inwit understod,  
 Hit me doth the3 hit hongi her more harm than god,  
 For hit bet in myn egen sore, and doth me harm  
     y-nou3."

Her me mai i-seo which hit is to 3yve other manes  
     with wou3,

As wolet h meni riche men mid unri3t al dai take  
 Of pore men her and thar, and almisse siththe make ;  
 That hi doth for Godes love ne schal hem no3t beo  
     for3ute,

Ac to pyne hit schal hem turne, as hi mowe thanne  
     wite.

"The tongen also," quath Judas, "that 3e seoth hongen  
     an he3,

Preostes ich ȝaf an urthe, therfore here hi beoth ;  
For clenliche me schal eche thing fynde that me doth  
for his love.

The ston upe whan ich sitte, that maketh me sitte  
above,

In a wei ich him fond ligge ther no need nas to  
ston,

Ich caste him in a dupe dich that me miȝte ther-over  
gon.

Fewe gode dede ich habbe i-do that ich mowe of telle,  
Ac non so lute that y ne fynde her other in helle."

**T**HO hit was eve thane Sonedai, the develen come  
blaste,

To lede to helle this wrecche gost ; hi cride and ȝulle  
faste,

"Wend hunne," hi seide, "thu Godes man, thu nast  
noȝt her to done,

Let ous habbe oure felawe and lede to helle sone ;  
For we ne thore oure maister i-seo er we him habbe  
i-brouȝt :

Wend fram him, for hit is tyme, and ne lette ous nouȝt."

"I lette ȝou noȝt," quath seint Brendan, "ne ne witie  
ȝou her,

That doth oure Loverd Jhesu Crist, that is of more  
poer."

"**H**OU therstou," quath this develen, "bifore him  
nemne his name ?

Ne bitrayde he him and solde ek to dethe with grete  
schame ?"

Seint Brendan seide, "In his name ich hote ȝou as ich mai,

That ȝe ne tuouche him noȝt to niȝt, er to morwe that  
hit beo day."

Grisliche the develen ȝulle, and aȝen gonne fleo.

Judas thonkede pitousliche, that deol hit was to seo.

A-morwe, so sone as hit was dai, the develen gonne  
blaste,

Grisliche hi cride and ȝulle also, and chidde also faste,  
"Awei!" hi seide, "thu Godes man, acursed beo the  
stounde

That thu come her owhar about, and that we there  
here founde :

Oure maister ous hath i-turmented so grisliche allonge  
niȝt,

And stronge ȝ-nouȝ, for we ne brouȝte mid ous this  
lithere wiȝt.

Ac we wolleth ous wel awreke, upe him silve hit schal go,  
For we schulle this six dayes therfore dubli his wo."

This wrecche gost quakede tho, that reuthe hit was to  
telle ;

The develen him nome wel grisliche, and bere into  
helle.

Ac seint Brendan hem forbed in oure Loverdes name,  
That he nadde for thulke niȝt nevere the more schame.  
Seint Brendan and his monekes in the see forth wende  
Riȝt threo dayes evene south, as oure Loverd hem sende;  
The furde dai hi seȝe an yle al bi southe an heȝ,  
Seint Brendan siȝte sore tho he this yle i-seȝ,  
"Poul," he seide, "the ermite, is in the yle that ich  
i-seo,

Ther he hath withoute mete this fourti ȝer i-beo."

**THO** hi come to this yle, yn hi wende echon,

The ermite that was so old aȝen hem com gon;  
His her to his fet tilde of berde and of heved,  
And heledede al aboute his bodi, nas ther no bar on him  
bileved ;

None other clothes nadde he on, his lymes were al hore.  
Seint Brendan him bihulde, and gan to sike sore,  
“ Allas!” he seide, “ ich have so ȝare in stede of monek  
i-beo,

And nou in lyf of an angel a man ich i-seo.”

“ **BEO** stille,” quath this Ermite, “ God doth bet bi  
the,

For he schoweth the more than eni other of his pri-  
veité ;

For o monek lyveth bi the swynk of his owe honde,  
And thurf oure Loverdes grace thu lyvest, and thurf  
his sonde;

Of the abbey of seint Patrik monek ich was i-wis,  
And of his church ai a wardeyn, ther as purgatorie is:  
A dai ther com a man to me, ich eschte what he were,  
Ich am, he seide, thyn abbod, of me nave thu no fere.  
Non other man than seint Patrik abbot nis, ich sede.  
No ich hit am, quath this other, “ ne therstou nothing  
drede.

To morwe arys sone days to the see thu must wende,  
A schip thu schal fynde ȝare, as oure Loverd the wole  
sende :

Do the forth in thulke schip in the see wel wide,  
And hit wole the lede into the stede ther thu schalt  
abide.

Sone a-morwe ich aros to don his holi bone,  
 Forth ich wende to the see, a schip ich fond sone,  
 Mid me ich let the schip i-worthe ; wel evene forth hit  
                   wende,

Thane sovethe dai into this yle oure Loverd me sende.  
 So sone ich was out of tho schip, aȝe thane wei hit nom,  
 As evene as hit miȝte drawe riȝt as hit thider com.  
 Eling ich ȝeode her alone, confort nadde ich non,  
 So that upe his hynder fet an oter ther com gon,  
 Mid his forthere fet he brouȝte a fur-ire and a ston,  
 Forto smyte fur therwith, and of fisch god won.  
 This oter wende aȝe anon ; ich makede me fur wel faste,  
 And seoth me fisch a Godes name that threo dayes  
                   i-laste,

So that evere the thridde dai this oter to me drouȝ,  
 And brouȝte me mete that ich hadde threo dayes y-  
                   nouȝ ;

Water of this harde ston, thurf oure Loverdes sonde,  
 Ther sprong out ech Sonedai to drinke and to wasche  
                   myn honde.

**THO** ich hadde her in thisse lyve thretti ȝer i-beo,  
       This welle him gan furst to schewe, that thu miȝt her  
                   i-seo.

Bi this wille ich have i-lyved four and tuenti ȝer nou  
                   non,

And vyfti ȝer ich was old tho ich gan hider gon ;  
 So that of an hondred ȝer and tuenti ther-to  
 Bi this tyme ich am i-redi oure Loverdes wille to do,  
 And mi deth ich abide her, whan hyne wole me sende,  
 Whan God wole that ich come to him and out of this  
                   wordle wende.



And nym with the of this water what thu hast neode  
ther-to,

And wend forth faste in the see, for thi wei nis noȝt  
i-do ;

For thu schalt ȝut in the see fourti dayes fare,  
Thanne thu schalt thin Ester holde ther thu hast i-do  
ȝare,

And thanne thu schalt wende forth to the Lond of  
Biheste,

And ther thu schalt fourti dayes bileve atte meste,  
And to thin owe lond aȝe thu schalt wende so."

This gode men with deol y-nouȝ departede ther a-tuo.

**T**HIS gode men hem wende forth in the see faste,

Fourti dayes evene south the while Leynte i-laste ;  
To here gode procuratour an Ester eve hi comē.

With hem he makede joye y-nouȝ, as he dude er  
i-lome,

He ladde hem to this grete fisch, thider hi come an eve,  
This Ester niȝt forte a-morwe ther hi scholde bileve,  
Ther hi seide here matyns and here masse also.

This fisch bigan to moevi him tho the masse was i-do,  
And bar this monekes forth with him, and swam forth  
wel faste,

In the grete see wel grislich, this monekes were agaste,  
A wonder thing hit was to mete, ho so hit hadde i-seie,  
A so gret best aboute wende into al the contreye.

To this Fowelen Parays this monekes he ladde echon,  
And sette hem up ther hol and sound, and wende aȝe  
anon.

Tho this monekes thider come wel joyful hi were ;

Forte after the Trinité hi bileved there,  
 For here procuratour bi thulke tyme brouȝte hem  
     mete y-nouȝ,

As he hadde er ofte i-do, into here schip hit drouȝ,  
 And wende forth with hem whoder oure Loverd hem  
     sende.

Riȝt evene toward than est fourti dayes hi wende ;  
 Tho this fourti dayes were i-do hit bigan to haweli  
     faste,

A wel durc myst ther com also that wel longe i-laste.  
 “Beoth glad,” quath this procuratour, “and makieth  
     grete feste,

For ich hit wotȝe beoth nou neȝ the Lond of Biheste.”  
**T**HO hi come out of this durke mist, and miȝte aboute  
     i-seo,

Under the faireste lond hi come that evere miȝte beo ;  
 So cler and so liȝt hit was, that joye ther was y-nouȝ,  
 Treon ther were ful of frut wel thikke on everech bouȝ.  
 Thikke hit was biset of treon, and the treon thicke bere,  
 Thapplen were ripe y-nouȝ, riȝt as hit harvest  
     were.

Fourti dayes aboute this lond hi hem gonne wende ;  
 Hi ne miȝte fynde in non half of this lond non ende ;  
 Hit was evere more dai, hi ne fonde nevere nyȝt,  
 Hi ne wende fynde in no stede so moche cler liȝt.  
 The eir was evere in o stat, nother hot ne cold,  
 Bote the joye that hi fonde ne mai nevere beo i-told.  
 So that hi come to a fair water, hi ne miȝte noȝt over  
     wende ;

Ac over hi miȝte the lond i-seo fair withouten ende.

THO cam ther to hem a ȝunglich man, swyse fair and  
hende,

Fairere man ne miȝte beo, that oure Loverd hem gan  
sende.

He wolcome ech bi his name, and custe hem echon,  
And honurede faire seint Brendan, and nom him bi  
the hond anon.

“Lo,” he seide, “her is the lond that ȝe habbeth i-soȝt  
wyde,

And the lengere for oure Loverd wolde that ȝe schulde  
abyde,

For ȝe scholde in the grete see his priveitez i-seo.

Chargieth ȝoure schip with this frut, for ȝe ne mowe  
no leng her beo,

For thu most to-ward thin owe lond age-wardes wende,  
For thu schalt sone out of the wordle, thi lyf is neȝ  
than ende.

This water that ȝe her i-seoth deleth this lond a-tuo ;  
This half ȝou thinȝth fair y-nouȝ, and thother half also ;  
A ȝund half ne mowe ȝe come noȝt, for hit nis noȝt riȝt.  
This frut is evere i-liche ripe, and this lond i-liche liȝt.  
And whan oure Loverd ech maner man to him hath  
i-drawe,

And ech maner men knoweth him, and beoth under his  
lawe,

This lond wole thanne schewe to-ward the wordles  
ende,

Hem that beoth him next i-core er hi hunnes wende.”  
Saint Brendan and his felawes of this frut nome faste,  
And of preciouсе stones, and into here schip caste,

And faire and wel here leve nome tho this was al i-do,  
 And mid wop and deol y-nouȝ departede tho a-tuo,  
 And wende hem ham-ward in the see, as oure Loverd  
                   hem sende,

And welrathere come hem hom than hi out-ward wende.  
 Here bretheren, tho hi come hom, joyful were y-nouȝ.  
 This holi man seint Brendan to-ward dethe drouȝ ;  
 For ever-eft after thulke tyme of the wordle he ne  
                   roȝte,

Bote as a man of thother wordle, and as he were in  
                   thoȝte.

He deide in Irlande after thulke stounde ;  
 Meni miracle me hath ther siththe for him i-founde ;  
 An abbei ther is arered ther as his bodi was i-do :  
 Nou God ous bringe to thulke joye that his soule  
                   wende to!

AMEN.

## PROSE LIFE OF ST. BRANDAN.

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Here begynneth the lyfe of saynt Brandon.

SAYNT BRANDON, the holy man, was a monke, and borne in Yrlonde, and there he was abbot of an hous wherein were a thousand monkes, and there he ladde a full strayte and holy lyfe, in grete penaunce and abstynence, and he governed his monkes ful vertuously. And than within shorte tyme after, there came to hym an holy abbot that hyght Beryne to vysyte hym, and eche of them was joyfull of other; and than saynt Brandon began to tell to the abbot Beryne of many wonders that he had seen in dyverse londes. And whan Beryne herde that of saynt Brandon, he began to sygh, and sore wepte. And saynt Brandon comforted him the best wyse he coude, sayenge, "Ye come hyther for to be joyfull with me, and therfore for Goddes love leve your mournynge, and tell me what mervayles ye have seen in the grete see ocean, that compasseth all the worlde aboute, and all other waters comen out of hym, whiche renneth in all the partyes of the erth." And than Beryne began to tell to saynt Brandon and to his monkes the mervaylles that he had seen, full sore wepynge, and sayd, "I have a sone, his name is Meruoke, and he was a monke of grete fame, whiche had

grete desyre to seke aboute by shyppe in dyverse countrees, to fynde a solytary place wherin he myght dwell secretly out of the besynesse of the worlde, for to serve God quyetly with more devocyon; and I counseyled hym to sayle into an ylonde ferre in the see, besydes the Mountaynes of Stones, whiche is ful well knowen, and than he made hym redy and sayled thyder with his monkes. And whan he came thyder, he lyked that place full well, where he and his monkes served our Lorde full devoutly." And than Beryne sawe in a visyon that this monke Meruoke was sayled rygth ferre eestwarde into the see more than thre dayes saylynge, and sodeynly to his semyng there came a derke cloude and overcovered them, that a grete parte of the daye they sawe no lyght; and as our Lorde wold, the cloude passed awaye, and they sawe a full fayr yland; and thyderwarde they drewe. In that ylonde was joye and myrth ynough, and all the erth of that ylonde shyned as bryght as the sonne, and there were the fayrest trees and herbes that ever ony man sawe, and there were many precyous stones shynynge bryght, and every herbe there was ful of fygures, and every tree ful of fruyte; so that it was a glorious sight, and an hevenly joye to abyde there. And than there came to them a fayre yonge man, and full curtoysly he welcomed them all, and called every monke by his name, and sayd that they were much bounde to prayse the name of our Lorde Jesu, that wold of his grace shewe to them that glorious place, where is ever day, and never night, and this place is called paradise ter-

restre. But by this ylonde is an other ylonde wherin no man may come. And this yonge man sayd to them, "Ye have ben here halfe a yere without meet, drynke, or slepe." And they supposed that they had not ben there the space of half an houre, so mery and joyfull they were there. And the yonge man tolde them that this is the place that Adam and Eve dwelte in fyrst, and ever should have dwelled here, yf that they had not broken the commaundement of God. And than the yonge man brought them to theyr shyppe agayn, and sayd they might no lenger abyde there; and whan they were all shydd, sodeynly this yonge man vanysshed away out of theyr sight. And than within shorte tyme after, by the purveyaunce of our Lorde Jesu, they came to the abbey where saint Brandon dwelled, and than he with his bretherne receyved them goodly, and demaunded where they had ben so longe, and they sayd, "We have ben in the Londe of Byheest, to-fore the gates of Paradyse, where as is ever daye, and never night." And they sayd all that the place is full delectable, for yet all theyr clothes smelled of the swete and joyfull place. And than saynt Brandon purposed soone after for to seke that place by Goddes helpe, and anone began to purvey for a good shyppe, and a stronge, and vytaylled it for vij. yere; and than he toke his leve of all his bretherne, and toke xij. monkes with him. But or they entred into the shyppe they fasted xl. dayes, and lyved devoutly, and eche of them receyved the sacrament. And whan saynt Brandon with his xij. monkes were entred into the shyppe,

there came other two of his monkes, and prayed hym that they myght sayle with hym. And than he sayd, "Ye may sayle with me, but one of you shall go to hell, or ye come agayn." But not for that they wold go with hym.

And than saynt Brandon badde the shypmen to wynde up the sayle, and forth they sayled in Goddes name, so that on the morow they were out of syght of ony londe; and xl. dayes and xl. nightes after they sayled playn eest, and than they sawe an ylonde ferre fro them, and they sayled thyder-warde as fast as they coude, and they sawe a grete roche of stone appere above all the water, and thre dayes they sayled aboute it or they coude gete in to the place. But at the last, by the purveyaunce of God, they founde a lytell haven, and there went a-londe everychone, and than sodeynly came a fayre hounde, and fell down at the feet of saynt Brandon, and made hym good chere in his maner. And than he badde his bretherne, "Be of good chere, for our Lorde hath sente to us his messenger, to lede us into some good place." And the hounde brought them into a fayre hall, where they founde the tables spredde redy, set full of good meet and drynke. And than saynt Brandon sayd graces, and than he and his brethernesate down and ete and dranke of suche as they founde; and there were beddes redy for them, wherin they toke theyr rest after theyr longe labour. And on the morowe they returned agayne to theyr shyppe and sayled a longe tyme in the see after or they coude fynde ony londe, tyll at the last, by the purveyaunce



of God, they sawe ferre fro them a full fayre ylonde, ful of grene pasture, wherin were the whytest and gretest shepe that ever they sawe; for every shepe was as grete as an oxe. And soone after came to them a goodly olde man, whiche welcomed them, and made them good chere, and sayd, "This is the Ylonde of Shepe, and here is never colde weder, but ever somer, and that causeth the shepe to be so grete and whyte; they ete of the best grasse and herbes that is ony where." And than this olde man toke his leve of them, and bad them sayle forth ryght eest, and within shorte tyme, by Goddes grace, they sholde come into a place lyke paradyse, wherin they shold kepe theyr Eestertyde.

And than they sayled forth, and came soone after to that lond; but bycause of lytell depthe in some place, and in some place were grete rockes, but at the last they wente upon an ylonde, wenyng to them they had ben safe, and made theron a fyre for to dresse theyr dyner, but saynt Brandon abode styll in the shyppe. And whan the fyre was ryght hote, and the meet nygh soden, than this ylonde began to move; wherof the monkes were aferde, and fledde anone to the shyppe, and lefte the fyre and meet behynde them, and mervayled sore of the movyng. And saynt Brandon comforted them, and sayd that it was a grete fissue named Jasconye, whiche laboureth nyght and daye to put his tayle in his mouth, but for gretnes he may not. And than anone they sayled west thre dayes and thre nyghtes or they sawe ony londe, wherfore they were ryght hevye:

But soone after, as God wold, they sawe a fayre ylonde, full of floures, herbes, and trees, wherof they thanked God of his good grace, and anone they went on londe. And whan they had gone longe in this, they founde a ful fayre well, and therby stode a fayre tree, full of bowes, and on every bough sate a fayre byrde, and they sate so thynke on the tree that unneth any lef of the tree myght be seen, the nombre of them was so grete, and they songe so meryly that it was an hevenly noyse to here. Wherfore saynt Brandon kneled down on his knees, and wepte for joye, and made his prayers devoutly unto our Lord God to knowe what these byrdes ment. And than anone one of the byrdes fledde fro the tree to saynt Brandon, and he with flykerynge of his wynges made a full mery noyse lyke a fyde, that hym semed he herde never so joyfull a melodye. And than saynt Brandon commaunded the byrde to tell hym the cause why they sate so thynke on the tree, and sange so meryly. And than the byrde sayd, "Somtyme we were aungels in heven, but whan our mayster Lucyfer fell down into hell for his hygh pryde, we fell with hym for our offences, some hyther, and some lower, after the qualyte of theyr trespace; and bycause our trepace is but lytell, therefore our Lorde hath set us here out of all payne in full grete joye and myrth, after his pleasynge, here to serve hym on this tree in the best maner that we can. The Sonday is a day of rest fro all worldly occupacyon, and, therefore, that daye all we be made as whyte as any snow, for to prayse our Lorde in the best wyse we

may." And than this byrde sayd to saynt Brandon, "It is xij. monethes past that ye departed fro your abbey, and in the vij. yere hereafter ye shall se the place that ye desyre to come, and all this vij. yere ye shal kepe your Eester here with us every yere, and in the ende of the vij. yere ye shal come into the Londe of Byhest." And this was on Eester daye that the byrde sayd these wordes to saynt Brandon. And than this fowle flewe agayn to his felawes that sate on the tree. And than all the byrdes began to synge even-songe so meryly, that it was an heavenly noyse to here; and after souper saynt Brandon and his felawes wente to bedde, and slepte well, and on the morowe they arose betymes, and than those byrdes began matyns, pryme, and houres, and all suche service as Chrysten men use to synge.

And saynt Brandon with his felawes abode there viij. wekes, tyll Trinité Sonday was past; and they sayled agayne to the Ylonde of Shepe, and there they vytayled them wel, and syth toke theyr leve of that olde man, and returned agayn to shyppe. And than the byrde of the tree came agayn to saynt Brandon, and said, "I am come to tell you that ye shall sayle fro hens into an ylonde, wherein is an abbey of xxiiij. monkes, whiche is fro this place many a myle, and there ye shall holde your Chrystmasse, and your Eester with us, lyke as I tolde you." And than this byrde flewe to his felawes agayn. And than saynt Brandon and his felawes sayled forth in the occyan; and soone after fell a grete tempest on them, in whiche

they were gretely troubled longe tyme, and sore forlaboured. And after that, they founde by the purveyaunce of God an ylonde whiche was ferre fro them, and than they full mekely prayed to our Lord to sende them thyder in safeté, but it was xl. dayes after or they came thyder, wherfore all the monkes were so wery of that trouble that they set lytel pryce by theyr lyves, and cryed contynually to our Lord to have mercy on them and brynge them to that ylonde in safeté. And by the purveyaunce of God, they came at the last into a lytell haven ; but it was so straye that unneth the shyppe might come in. And after they came to an ancre, and anone the monkes went to londe, and whan they had longe walked about, at the last they founde two fayre welles ; that one was fayre and clere water, and that other was somewhat troubylly and thycke. And than they thanked our Lorde full humbly that had brought them thyder in safeté, and they wolde fayne have droken of that water, but saynt Brandon charged them that they sholde take none without lycence, “for yf we absteyne us a whyle, our Lord wyll purvey for us in the best wyse.” And anone after came to them a fayre old man, with hoor heer, and welcomed them ful mekely, and kyssed saynt Brandon, and ledde them by many a fayre welle tyll they came to a fayre abbey, where they were receyved with grete honour, and solempne processyon, with xxiiij. monkes all in ryal copes of cloth of golde, and a ryall crosse was before them. And than the abbot welcomed saynt Brandon and his felawshyp, and kyssed them full mekely, and

toke saynt Brandon by the hande, and ledde hym with his monkes into a fayre hall, and set them downe a-rowe upon the benche ; and the abbot of the place wasshed all theyr feet with fayre water of the well that they sawe before, and after ladde them into the fraytour, and there set them amonge his covent. And anone there came one by the purveyaunce of God, whiche served them well of meet and drynke. For every monke had set before hym a fayre whyte lofe and whyte rotes and herbes, whiche were ryght delycyous, but they wyst not what rotes they were ; and they dranke of the water of the fayre clere welle that they sawe before whan they came fyrst a-londe, whiche saynt Brandon forbadde them. And than the abbot came and chered saynt Brandon and his monkes, and prayed them to ete and drynke for charité, “for every day our Lorde sendeth a goodly olde man that covereth this table, and setteth our meet and drynke to-fore us; but we knowe not how it cometh, ne we ordeyne never no meet ne drynke for us, and yet we have ben lxxx. yere here, and ever our Lorde (worshypped mote he be!) fedeth us. We ben xxiiij. monkes in nombre, and every feryall day of the weke he sendeth to us xij. loves, and every Sondaye and feestful day xxiiij. loves, and the breed that we leve at dyner we ete at souper. And nowe at your comynge our Lorde hath sente to us xlvij. loves, for to make you and us mery togyder as brethern, and alwaye xij. of us go to dyner, whyles other xij. kepe the quere ; and thus have we done this lxxx. yere, for so longe have we dwelled

here in this abbey; and we came hyther out of the abbey of saynt Patrykes in Yrelonde, and thus, as ye se, our Lorde hath purveyd for us, but none of us knoweth how it cometh, but God alone, to whome be gyven honour and laude worlde without ende. And here in this londe is ever fayre weder, and none of us hath ben seke syth we came hyther. And whan we go to masse, or to ony other servyce of our Lorde in the chirche, anone seven tapers of waxe ben set in the quere, and ben lyght at every tyme without mannes hande, and so brenne daye and nyght at every houre of servyce, and never waste ne mynysshe as longe as we have ben here, whiche is lxxx. yere.”

And than saynt Brandon wente to the chirche with the abbot of the place, and there they sayd evensonge togyder full devoutly. And than saynt Brandon loked up-ward to-warde the crucifyxe, and sawe our Lorde hangynge on the crosse, which was made of fyne cristal and curiously wrought; and in the quere were xxiiij. setes for xxiiij. monkes, and the vij. tapers brennynge, and the abbottes sete was made in the myddes of the quere. And than saynt Brandon demanded of the abbot how longe they had kepte that scylence that none of them spake to other.” And he sayd, “This xxiiij. yere we spake never one to an other.” And than saynt Brandon wepte for joye of theyr holy conversation. And than saynt Brandon desyred of the abbot that he and his monkes might dwell there styll with hym. To whom the abbot sayd, “Syr, that may ye not do in no wyse, for our Lorde

hath shewed to you in what maner ye shall be guyded tyll the vij. yere be fulfilled, and after that terme thou shalte with thy monkes returne into Yrlonde in safeté; but on of the two monkes that came last to you shall dwell in the Ylonde of Ankers, and that other shall go quycke to hell. And as saynt Brandon kneled in the chirche, he sawe a bryght shynynge aungell come in at the wyndowe, and lyghted all the lyghtes in the chirche, and than he flewe out agayn at the wyndowe unto heaven, and than saynt Brandon mervayled gretly how the lyght brenned so fayre and wasted not. And than the abbot sayd that it is wryten that Moyses sawe a busshe all on a fyre, and yet it brenned not, “and therefore mervayle not therof, for the myght of our Lorde is now as grete as ever it was.”

And whan saynt Brandon had dwelled there fro Chrystmasse even tyll the xij. daye was passed, than he toke his leve of the abbot and covent, and returned with his monkes to his shyppe, and sayled fro thens with his monkes to-ward the abbey of saynt Hylaryes, but they had grete tempestes in the see fro that tyme tyll Palme Sondaye. And than they came to the Ylonde of Shepe, and there were receyved of the olde man, whiche brought them to a fayre hall and served them. And on Sher-Thursdaye after souper he wasshed theyr feet and kyssed them, lyke as our Lorde dyd to his discyples, and there abode tyll Saterdaye Eester even, and than they departed and sayled to the place where the grete fysshe laye, and anone they sawe theyr caudron upon the fysshes backe whiche they had left there xij. monethes to-fore, and there

they kepte the servyce of the resurreccyon on the fysshes backe, and after they sayled the same daye by the mornynge to the ylonde where as the tree of byrdes was, and than the sayd byrde welcomed saynt Brandon and all his felawshyp, and went agayn to the tree and sangefull meryly. And there he and his monkes dwelled fro Eester tyll Trynité Sondaye, as they dyd the yere before, in full grete joye and myrth; and dayly they herde the mery servyce of the byrdes syttyng on the tree. And than the byrde tolde to saynt Brandon that he sholde returne agayn at Chrystmasse to the abbey of monkes, and at Eester thyder agayn, and the other dele of the yere labour in the ocean in full grete perylles, "and fro yere to yere tyll the vij. yere ben accomplysshed, and than shall ye come to the joyfull place of Paradyse, and dwell there xl. daye in full grete joye and myrth; and after ye shall returne home into your owne abbey in safeté, and there end your lyf and come to the blysse of heven, to whiche our Lorde bought you with his precyous blode." And than the aungell of oure Lorde ordeyned all thyng that was nedefull to saynt Brandon and to hismonkes, in vytayles and all other thynges necessary. And than they thanked our Lorde of his grete goodnes that he had shewed to them ofte in theyr grete nede, and than sayled forth in the grete see occan abydyng the mercy of our Lord in grete trouble and tempestes, and soone after came to them an horryble fysshe, whiche folowed the shyppe long tyme, castynge so moche water out of his mouth into the shyppe, that



they supposed to have ben drowned. Wherefore they devoutly prayed to God to delyver them of that grete peryll. And anone after came an other fysshe, greter than he, out of the west see, and faught with him, and at the laste clave hym in thre places, and than returned agayne. And than they thanked mekely our Lord of theyr delyveraunce fro this grete peryll ; but they were in grete hevynesse, because theyr vytayles were nygh spent. But, by the ordynaunce of our Lorde, there came a byrde and brought to them a grete braunche of a vine full of reed grapes, by whiche they lyved xiiij. dayes; and than they came to a lytell ylonde, wherein were many vynes full of grapes, and they there loded, and thanked God, and gadred as many grapes as they lyved by xl. dayes after, alwaye saylynge in the see in many a storme and tempest. And as they thus sayled, sodeynly came fleynge towarde them a grete grype, whiche assayled them and was lyke to have destroyed them; wherfore they devoutly prayed for helpe and ayde of our Lord Jesu Chryst. And than the byrde of the tree of the ylonde where they had holden theyr Eester to-fore came to the gripe and smote out both his eyen, and after slewe hym ; wherof they thanked our Lorde, and than sayled forth contynually tyll saynt Peters daye, and than songen they solempnely theyr service in the honour of the feest. And in that place the water was so clere, that they myght se all the fysshes that were aboute them, wherof they were full sore agast, and the monkes counseyled saynt Brandon to synge no more, for all the fysshes lay than as they

had slepte. And than saynt Brandon sayd, “Drede ye not, for ye have kepte by two Eesters the feest of the resurreccion upon the grete fysshes backe, and therefore drede ye not of these lytel fysshes.” And than saynt Brandon made hym redy, and wente to masse, and badde his monkes to synge the best wyse they coude. And than anone all the fysshes awoke and came aboute the shippe so thicke, that unneth they myght se the water for the fysshes. And whan the masse was done, all the fysshes departed so that they were no more seen.

And seven dayes they sayled alwaye in that clere water. And than there came a south wynde and drove the shyppe north-warde, where as they sawe an ylonde full derke and full of stencche and smoke; and there they herde grete blowyng and blastyng of belowes, but they myght se no thyng, but herde grete thondryng, wherof they were sore aferde and blyssed them ofte. And soone after there came one stertyng out all brennyng in fyre, and stared full gastly on them with grete staryng eyen, of whome the monkes were agast, and at his departyng from them he made the horryblest crye that myght be herde. And soone there came a grete nombre of fendes and assayled them with hokes and brennyng yren malles, whiche ranne on the water, folowyng fast theyr shyppe, in suche wyse that it semed all the see to be on a fyre; but by the wyll of God they had no power to hurte ne to greve them, ne theyr shyppe. Wherfore the fendes began to rore and crye, and threwe theyr hokes and

malles at them. And they than were sore aferde, and prayed to God for comforte and helpe; for they sawe the fendes all about the shyppe, and them semed that all the ylonde and the see to be on a fyre. And with a sorowfull crye all the fendes departed fro them and returned to the place that they came fro. And than saynt Brandon tolde to them that this was a parte of hell, and therfore he charged them to be stedfast in the fayth, for they shold yet se many a dredefull place or they came home agayne. And than came the south wynde and drove them ferther into the north, where they sawe an hyll all on fyre, and a foule smoke and stenche comyng from thens, and the fyre stode on eche syde of the hyll lyke a wall all brennyng. And than one of his monkes began to crye and wepe ful sore, and sayd that his ende was comen, and that he might abyde no lenger in the shyppe, and anone he lepte out of the shyppe into the see, and than he cryed and rored full pyteously, cursyng the tyme that he was borne, and also fader and moder that bygate him, bycause they sawe no better to his correccyon in his yonge age, "for now I must go to perpetual payne." And than the sayenge of saynt Brandon was veryfyed that he sayd to hym whan he entred into the shyppe. Therefore it is good a man to do penaunce and forsake synne, for the houre of deth is incertayne.

And than anone the wynde turned into the north; and drove the shyppe into the south, whiche sayled vij. dayes contynually; and they came to a grete rocke standyng in the see, and theron sate a naked man in

full grete mysery and payne; for the wawes of the see had so beten his body that all the flesshe was gone of, and nothyng lefte but synewes and bare bones. And whan the wawes were gone, there was a canvas that henge over his heed whiche bette his body full sore with the blowynge of the wynde; and also there were two oxe tongues and a grete stone that he sate on, whiche dyd hym full grete ease. And than saynt Brandon charged hym to tell hym what he was. And he sayd, "My name is Judas, that solde our Lorde Jesu Chryst for xxx. pens, whiche sytteth here moche wretchedly, how be it I am worthy to be in the grettest payne that is; but our Lorde is so mercyfull that he hath rewarded me better than I have deserved, for of ryght my place is in the brennyng hell; but I am here but certayn tymes of the yere, that is, fro Chrystmasse to twelfth daye, and fro Eester tyll Whytsontyde be past, and every feestfull daye of our lady, and every Saterdaye at noone tyll Sonday that evensonge be done; but all other tymes I lye styll in hell in ful brennyng fyre with Pylate, Herode, and Cayphas; therfore accursed be the tyme that ever I knewe them." And than Judas prayed saynt Brandon to abyde styll there all that nyght, and that he wolde kepe hym there styll that the fendes sholde not fetche hym to hell. And he sayd, "With Goddes helpe thou shalt abyde here all this nyght." And than he asked Judas what cloth that was that henge over his heed. And he sayd it was a cloth that he gave unto a lepre, whiche was bought with the money that he stole fro our Lorde whan he bare his purse,

“wherefore it dothe to me grete payne now in betyng my face with the blowynge of the wynde ; and these two oxe tongues that hange here above me, I gave them somtyme to two preestes to praye for me. I bought them with myne owne money, and therfore they ease me, bycause the fysshes of the see knawe on them and spare me. And this stone that I syt on laye somtyme in a desolate place where it eased no man ; and I toke it thens and layd it in a foule waye, where it dyd moche ease to them that went by that waye, and therfore it easeth me now ; for every good dede shall be rewarded, and every evyll dede shal be punysshed.” And the Sondaie agaynst even there came a grete multitude of fendes blastyng and rorynge, and badde saynt Brandon go thens, that they myght have theyr servaunt Judas, “for we dare not come in the presence of our mayster, but yf we brynge hym to hell with us.” And saynt Brandon sayd, “I lette not you do your maysters commaundement, but by the power of our Lorde Jesu Chryst I charge you to leve hym this nyght tyll to morow.” “How darest thou helpe hym that so solde his mayster for xxx. pens to the Jewes, and caused hym also to dye the moost shamefull deth upon the crosse ?” And than saynt Brandon charged the fendes by his passyon that they sholde not noy hym that nyght. And than the fendes went theyr way rorynge and cryenge towarde hell to theyr mayster, the grete devyll. And than Judas thanked saynt Brandon so rewfully that it was pité to se, and on the morowe the fendes came with an horryble noyse, sayenge that they had that nyght

suffred grete payne bycause they brought not Judas, and sayd that he shold suffre double payne the sixe dayes folowyng. And they toke than Judas tremblyng for fere with them to payne.

And after saynt Brandon sayled south-warde thre dayes and thre nyghtes, and on the Frydaye they sawe an ylonde, and than saynt Brandon began to sygh and saye, "I se the ylonde wherin saynt Poule the heremyte dwelleth, and hath dwelled there xl. yere, without meet and drynke ordeyned by mannes hande." And whan they came to the londe, saynt Poule came and welcomed them humbly. He was olde and for-grownen, so that no man myght se his body, of whom saynt Brandon sayd weepyng, "Now I se a man that lyveth more lyke an aungell than a man, wherfore we wretches may be ashamed that we lyve not better." Than saynt Poule sayd to saynt Brandon, "Thou art better than I; for our Lorde hath shewed to the more of his prevytees than he hath done to me, wherfore thou oughtest to be more praysed than I." To whome saynt Brandon sayd, "We ben monkes and must labour for our meet, but God hath provyded for the suche meet as thou holdest the pleased, wherfore thou art moche better than I." To whome saynt Poule sayd, "Somtime I was a monke of saynt Patrykes abbey in Yrelonde, and was wardeyn of the place where as men entre into saynt Patrikes purgatory. And on a day there came one to me, and I asked hym what he was, and he sayd I am your abbot Patryke, and charge the that thou departe from hens to morowe erly to the see syde, and there thou shalt

fynde a shyppe, into the whiche thou must entre, whiche God hath ordeyned for the, whose wyll thou must accomplysse. And so the nexte daye I arose and went forth and founde the shyppe, in whiche I entred, and by the purveyaunce of God I was brought into this ylonde the seventh daye after, and than I lefte the shyppe and went to londe, and there I walked up and downe a good whyle, and than by the purveyaunce of God there came an otter goynge on his hynder feet and brought me a flynte stone, and an yren to smyte fyre with, in his two fore clawes of his feet ; and also he had aboute his necke grete plenté of fysshes, whiche he cast down before me and went his waye, and I smote fyre, and made a fyre of styckes, and dyd sethe the fysshe, by whiche I lyved thre dayes. And than the otter came agayn, and brought me fysshe for other thre dayes ; and thus he hath done lj. yere, through the grace of God. And there was a grete stone, out of whiche our Lorde made to sprynge fayre water, clere and swete, wherof I drynke dayly. And thus have I lyved this lj. yere ; and I was lx. yere olde whan I came hyther, and am now an hondred and xj. yere olde, and abyde tyll it please our Lorde to sende for me ; and if it pleased hym, I wolde fayne be discharged of this wretched lyfe." And than he bad saynt Brandon to take of the water of the welle, and to cary it into his shyppe, "for it is tyme that thou departe, for thou hast a grete journey to do; for thou shalt sayle to an ylonde whiche is xl. dayes saylyng hens, where thou shalt holde thyn Eester lyke as thou

hast done to-fore, wher as the tree of byrdes is. And fro then thou shalte sayle into the Londe of Byheest, and shalt abyde there xl. dayes, and after returne home into thy countree in safeté." And than these holy men toke leve eche of other, and they wepte bothe full sore and kyssed eche other.

And than saynt Brandon entred into his shyppe, and sayled xl. dayes even southe, in full grete tempest. And on Eester even came to theyr procuratour, whiche made to them good chere, as he had before tyme. And from then they came to the grete fysshe, where they sayd matyns and masse on Eester daye. And whan the masse was done, the fysshe began to meve, and swamme forth fast into the see, wherof the monkes were sore agast which stode upon hym, for it was a grete mervayle to se suche a fysshe as grete as all a countree for to swymme so fast in the water; but by the wyll of our Lorde God this fysshe set all the monkes a-londe in the Paradise of Byrdes all hole and sounde, and than returned to the place that he came fro. And than saynt Brandon and his monkes thanked our Lorde God of theyr delyveraunce of the grete fysshe, and kepte theyr Eestertyde tyll Trinité Sondaye, lyke as they had done before tyme. And after this they toke theyr shyppe and sayled eest xl. dayes, and at the xl. dayes ende it began to hayle ryght fast, and therwith came a derke myst, whiche lasted longe after, whichefered saynt Brandon and his monkes, and prayed to our Lord to kepe and helpe them. And than anone came theyr procuratour, and badde



them to be of good chere, for they were come into the Londe of Byheest. And soone after that myst passed awaye, and anone they sawe the fayrest countree eestwarde that ony man myght se, and was so clere and bryght that it was an heavenly syght to beholde; and all the trees were charged with rype fruyte and herbes full of floures; in whiche londe they walked xl. dayes, but they coude se none ende of that londe; and there was alwaye daye and never nyght, and the londe attemperate ne to hote ne to colde. And at the last they came to a ryver, but they durst not go over. And there came to them a fayre yonge man, and welcomed them curtoysly, and called eche of them by his name, and dyd grete reverence to saynt Brandon, and sayd to them, "Be ye now joyfull, for this is the londe that ye have sought; but our Lorde wyll that ye departe hens hastely, and he wyll shewe to you more of his secretes whan ye come agayn into the see; and our Lorde wyll that ye lade your shyppe with the fruyte of this londe, and hye you hens, for ye may no lenger abyde here, but thou shalt sayle agayne into thyne owne countree, and soone after thou comest home thou shalt dye. And this water that thou seest here departeth the worlde asondre; for on that other syde of the water may no man come that is in this lyfe. And the fruyte that ye se is alwaye thus rype every tyme of the yere, and alwaye it is here lyght as ye now se; and he that kepeth our Lordes hestes at all tymes shall se this londe, or he passe out of this worlde."

And than saynt Brandon and his monkes toke of

that fruyte as moche as they wolde, and also toke with them grete plenté of precyous stones; and than toke theyr leve and went to shyppe, wepyng sore bycause they myght no lenger abyde there. And than they toke theyr shyppe and came home into Yrelonde in safeté, whome they bretherne receyved with grete joye, gyvyng thankynges to our Lorde, whiche had kepte them all those seven yere fro many a peryll, and brought them home in safeté, to whome be gyven honour and glory worlde withouten ende. Amen. And soone after, this holy man saynt Brandon waxed feble and seke, and had but lytell joye of this world, but ever after his joye and mynde was in the joyes of heven. And in shorte tyme after, he, beyng full of vertues, departed out of this lyfe unto everlastyng lyfe, and was worshypfully buryed in a fayre abbey, whiche he hym selfe founded, where our Lorde sheweth for this holy saynt many fayre myracles. Wherefore let us devoutly praye to this holy saynt that he praye for us unto our Lord, that he have mercy on us, to whom be gyven laude, honour, and empyre, world withouten ende. Amen.

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## NOTES TO THE METRICAL LIFE.

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P. 1, l. 1.—The name is spelt diversely in the different MSS. *Brendan* and *Brandan*. The commencement of our English poem agrees closely with that of the prose English version here printed, but they differ very much from the original Latin, and all the other versions, which give a more exact account of the family of the saint.—Sanctus Brendanus, filius Finlocha, nepotis Alti de genere Eogeni, e stagnile regione Mimensium ortus fuit.

P. 1, l. 4.—*A thousand monekes.*] So the English prose version. The original Latin, and all the other versions, say three thousand.

P. 6.—*Barint.*] The Latin calls him *Barintus*, *nepos Neil regis*. In the prose life he is corruptly called Beryne.

P. 2, l. 5.—*Mernoc.*] The Trin. Col. MS. reads *Menrok*. The prose version, probably by a mere error of the printer, calls him *Meruoke*.

P. 2, l. 5.—*Mountayne of Stedes*, MS. Trin. The Latin text has *juxta Montem Lapidis*.

P. 2, l. 23.—*Ane lond.*] The Trin. Col. MS. reads *a nywe lond*.

P. 3, l. 6.—*A yung man.*] The original Latin, and the versions made immediately from it, have only *quidam vir*, without saying anything of his youth.

P. 4, l. 4.—The Trin. C. MS. reads, *agen-ward he wende tho, and that*.

P. 4, l. 13.—*Smyl.*] MS. Tr. C. reads *smelle*.

P. 4, l. 14.—*In thogt he stod*, MS. Tr. C. This MS. adds

after this line the following, which is evidently omitted in our text—He thogt fondy ther-of yf hit were Godes wyll.

P. 4, l. 17.—We should probably read *Thuse twelve*, as the line seems at present imperfect. MS. Tr. C. has *Thes twelve he clyped to consail*. There are also evidently two lines omitted in our text, which should form the commencement of St. Brandan's address to his monks, and which stand thus in the Tr. C. MS:—

“Ich thynche to a privé thyng, ther-of ye mote me rede,  
To seche the Londe of Byheste, if oure Lord wole me thuder lede.”

The omission has arisen from the number of consecutive rhymes. In the English prose version the preparations for voyage are told more briefly.

P. 5, l. 5.—The Tr. C. MS. reads *Hu leten make a stronge schip*. The Latin text differs here from our narrative. Transactis jam quadraginta diebus, et salutatis fratribus ac commendatis præposito monasterii sui, qui fuit postea successor in eodem loco, profectus est contra occidentalem plagam cum quatuordecim fratribus ad insulam cujusdam sancti patris nomine Aende. Ibi demoratus est tribus diebus et tribus noctibus. Post hæc, accepta benedictione sancti patris et omnium monachorum qui cum eo erant, profectus est in ultimam partem regionis suæ, ubi demorabantur parentes ejus. Attamen noluit illos videre, sed cujusdam summitatem montis extendentis se in oceanum, in loco qui dicitur *Brendani sedes*, ascendit, ibique fuit tentorium suum, ubi erat et introitus unius navis. Sanctus Brendanus et qui cum eo erant, acceptis feramentis, fecerunt naviculam levissimam, costatam et columinatam ex vimine, sicut mos est in illis partibus, et cooperuerunt eam coriis bovinis ac rubricatis in cortice roborina, lini-eruntque foris omnes juncturas navis, et expendia quadraginta dierum et butirum ad pelles præparandas assumpserunt ad co-

operimentum navis, et cætera utensilia quæ ad usum vitæ humanæ pertinent. Arborem posuerunt in medio navis fixum, et velum, et cætera quæ ad gubernationem navis pertinent.

This is a curious description of a very primitive ship.

P. 6, l. 4.—*An hulle at the laste*, MS. Tr. C.

P. 6, l. 8.—*Hu wende aboute as moppysche men that nuste wer hu were*. MS. Tr. C.

P. 6, l. 13.—*To an halle*.] The Latin has, usque ad unum oppidum, intrantes autem viderunt aulam magnam. In the early French version it is, Et sivirent le chien dusques au chastelet. Dont entrerent en i. chastelet, et virent une grande sale. The English versions omit the incident of one of the two monks who followed St. Brandan voluntarily, who stole a bridle of silver from the hall, and died and was buried in the island.

P. 7, l. 7.—The Island of Sheep, answering closely to this description, is described by some of the Arabian geographers as existing in the western ocean.

P. 8, l. 7.—*Eyre*, MS. Tr. C., which adds after this line, the two following—

“ And here wey to here schyp eche after other nome,  
God hym thogt levyste was that sonest thyder come.”

P. 8, l. 16.—*Jascom*.] The MS. Tr. C. reads *Jastoyn*; the Latin has *Jasonius*. It has been already observed in the preface, that the incident of the great fish is founded in the Arabian voyages of Sinbad. The existence of this great fish was a very popular legend in the middle ages; it was doubtless the Craken of the north. In the mediæval bestiaries it is sometimes identified with the whale. The story is the subject of an Anglo-Saxon poem in the Exeter MS. Philippe de Thaun gives the same incident in a few lines, adding that the fish, before rising to the surface, throws the sand of the sea on its back, which gives it still more the appearance of land,—

"Cetus ceo est mult grant beste, tut tens en mer converse;  
 Le sablun de mer prent, sur son dos l'estent,  
 Sur mer s'esdreceerat, en pais si esterat.  
 Li notuners la veit, quide que ille sait,  
 Illoc vait ariver sun cunrei aprester.  
 Li balain le fu sent e la nef e la gent;  
 Lores se plungerat, si il pot, si's neierat."

"Cetus is a very great beast, which lives always in the sea; it takes the sand of the sea, spreads it on its back, raises itself up in the sea, and will be without motion. The seafarer sees it, thinks that it is an island, lands there to prepare his meal. The whale feels the fire and the ship and the people; then he will plunge and drown them, if he can."

See also the account of this monster given in the early English metrical bestiary, printed in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. p. 220.

P. 9, l. 9.—The Tr. C. MS. reads,—

"Tho fley ther up a litel foule, and toward hym gan te,  
 As a fythele his wyngen ferd tho he bygan to fle."

P. 9, l. 16.—This notion relating to the distribution of the fallen angels, according to the degree in which they had participated in Lucifer's crime, was very general in the middle ages. I have collected together from old writers some extracts on this subject in my essay on "St. Patrick's Purgatory," p. 90. In the Latin text of our legend the bird says, *Nos sumus de magna illa ruina antiqui hostis; sed non peccando aut consentiendo sumus lapsi, sed Dei pietate prædestinati, nam ubi sumus creati, per lapsum istius cum suis satellibus contigit nostra ruina. Deus autem omnipotens, qui justus est et verax, suo judicio misit nos in istum locum. Pœnas non sustinemus. Præsentiam Dei ex parte non videre possumus, tantum alienavit nos consortio illorum qui steterunt. Vagmur per diversas partes hujus sæculi, aeris et firmamenti et*

terrarum, sicut et alii spiritus qui mittuntur. Sed in sanctis diebus dominicis accipimus corpora talia quæ tu vides, et per Dei dispensationem commoramur hic et laudamus creatorem nostrum.

P. 11, l. 8.—*Abbey.*] Insulam quæ vocatur *Ailbey*. Text. Lat.

P. 12, l. 3.—*Thother wori.*] unus turbidus. Text. Lat.

P. 13, l. 5.—*White mores.*] The Latin text has, Et quibusdam radicibus incredibilis saporis.

P. 14, l. 1.—*Seint Alvey.*] Et sancti Ailbei. Text. Lat.

P. 14, l. 16.—*Weved.*] An altar. In the next line MS. Tr. C. reads, *weved, chalys, and croeses*. Erant enim altaria de cristallo, calices et patenæ, urceoli, et cætera vasa quæ pertinebant ad cultum divinum, itidem ex cristallo erant. Text. Lat.

P. 15, l. 13.—*Ylle of ankres,*] i. e. the isle of hermits, or anchorites. MS. Tr. C. reads *yle of auntres*. De duobus vero qui supersunt, unus peregrinabitur in insula quæ vocatur Anachoritalis; porro alter morte pessima condempnabitur apud inferos. Text. Lat.

P. 15, l. 15.—*A furi arewe.*] *Sagitta ignea*. Text. Lat. The prose English version has misread *angel* for *arrow*.

P. 16, l. 5.—*Midewynter.*] It is perhaps hardly necessary to observe that this is the Anglo-Saxon name for Christmas.

P. 16, l. 16.—*Fowelen Parays.*] Insula quæ vocatur *Paradisus Avium*. Text. Lat. A curious incident of the Latin legend, where the monks were made ill by drinking water in another island, is omitted in the English.

P. 16, l. 18.—*Scher-thursdai.*] *Shere Thursday*, or *Maunday Thursday*, is the Thursday before Easter, when it was the custom to wash each other's feet in imitation of Christ, which ceremony was called his *mandé* (or commandment), whence is derived one of the names given to the day.

P. 17, l. 25.—*Ymone.*] The Tr. C. MS. reads *echon*.

P. 19, l. 15.—*Afingred,*] *i. e.* hungry. See the Glossary to Piers Ploughman. In the original Latin text the monks are twice exposed to extreme hunger, and on the first occasion relieve themselves by eating of the flesh of the beast which had been killed. Several incidents in this part of the original story are omitted in the English version. It would appear also that in the Latin legend the great beast which had been killed was the same on whose back they had lit the fire, for Brandan says to them when they express their fear of the fishes they saw asleep at the bottom of the sea,—*Cur timetis istas bestias? Nonne omnium bestiarum maxima devorata est? Sedentes vos et psallentes sæpe in dorso ejus fuistis, et silvam scindistis, et ignem accendistis, et carnem ejus coxistis.*

P. 22, l. 2.—For a full illustration of the notions relating to hell and paradise contained in the latter part of this legend I would refer the reader to the materials I have collected in the essay on “St. Patrick’s Purgatory.”

P. 23, l. 8.—*Ambesas.*] A term in the game of dice, frequently used in medieval writers, which shows the great prevalence of gambling in the middle ages.

P. 26, l. 7.—*And oure Loverdes pans ber.*] It was a prevalent notion in the middle ages that Judas was the pursebearer of Christ and his disciples, and that his avarice and dishonesty was partly the cause of his ruin. A curious early fragment on this subject is printed in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. p. 144. In the “Chester Mysteries” he is made to take offence at the extravagance of the Magdalene in lavishing so much money on a pot of ointment. In the Latin text of the legend of St. Brandan, Judas is represented as having been the chamberlain of the Saviour—*quando fui camerarius Domini*. In the French version it is, *Quand je fui cambrelens men Seigneur*.



P. 30, l. 21.—The Latin text gives his age somewhat differently. *Nonagenarius enim sum in hac insula, et triginta annis in victu piscium, et sexaginta in victu illius fontis, et quinquaginta fui in patria mea; omnes enim anni vitæ meæ sunt centum quinquaginta.*

P. 34, l. 11.—*An abbei.*] This abbey was Cluain-fert or Clonfert, in the county of Galway, where it is pretended that St. Brandan was buried in the year 576. See Archdall, *Monast. Hibern.* p. 278.

P. 36, l. 11.—*In a visyon.*] The prose version is here rather confused, and the writer appears unintentionally to have overlooked part of the original. It would seem here as though the voyage of *Barintus* was nothing more than a vision, which certainly was not the writer's meaning.

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OF  
THE EMPEROR OCTAVIAN.



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## PREFACE.

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WHEN Weber printed the romance of Octovian from MS. Cotton. Calig. A. ii., he was not aware that the other copy which he mentioned as existing at Cambridge, in MS. More 690, was an entirely different version, or rather translation, of the French original. This fact was also unknown to Conybeare, who published an analysis of the Anglo-Norman romance, although with more caution, he alludes to it as "another poem with the same title;" referring to Warton, who had previously noticed that the commencing lines of the two MSS. differed. It does not, however, appear that either Percy, or any of these writers, had examined the Cambridge version, and as it completely differs from the other in its composition, and occasionally in the conduct of the story, it appeared to the editor well worthy of publication; and in the course of his task, he has had the advantage of comparing the text with another copy of the same version preserved in the Thornton manuscript, a very valuable volume in the

library of Lincoln Cathedral. The principal variations afforded by the Lincoln MS. will be found in the notes.

Only one copy of the French original is known to exist, a poem of about 5600 lines, in a MS. on vellum of the fourteenth century, in the Bodleian library, MS. Hatton 100. It commences as follows :—

*Içi commence la romanz de Othevien, empereor de Rome.*

Seigneur, preudom, or escoutés,  
 Qui les bones chançons amés ;  
 D'une tant bone oir porrés,  
 Jà de meilleur dire n'orrés,  
 Des grans merveilles qui sunt faites,  
 Et de Latin en Romanz traïtes.  
 Apres un jor qui jadis fu,  
 Ot à Paris un roi cremu,  
 Qui Dragonbers fu apelés.  
 Plus fiers home de lui ne fu nés,  
 Ne miex seust terre tenir,  
 Ne ses anemis estormir.  
 Famme prist de grant renou,  
 Gente de cors et de façon.  
 Un pere avoit de fier corage,  
 Car moult estoit de haut langage,  
 Mult durement estoit preudon ;  
 Loteires fu només par non.  
 Dagonbers dont m'oiés conter,  
 Fist Sain Denis faire fonder.  
 Mult ama Diex mult fermement ;  
 Loteires fu de mult grant aage,  
 Et se chei en grant malage.

Famme pristuoit à sa fil doner,  
Et de le roiaume coroner.

From the sixth line it appears that the tale was originally composed in Latin; and this is partially confirmed by the following passage in Weber's version :—

“ Be Seyne water, *seyd the Latin*,  
Without bost,  
Maryners hym broghte to the maryn  
Of Gene cost.”

But the French is also referred to in the same piece, and there can be little doubt that both the English versions were derived immediately from the Anglo-Norman.

There are several early notices of this romance in English writers. William Nassyngton, in his “*Mirroure of Life*,” written before the year 1384, thus alludes to it :—

“ I warne ȝow ferst ate benyngnyng,  
I wyl make ȝow no veyn carpyng  
Of dethes, of armes, ne of amours,  
As doth menstrale and jestoures,  
That maketh carpyng in many place  
Of *Octovryune* and *Ysambrace*,  
And of many other gestes,  
Namely when they cum to festes ;  
Ne of the lyf of Bewis of Hamptoun,  
That was a knyȝt of gret renoun,  
Ne of syre Gy of Werewyke,  
Alle-ȝif hit myȝte som men lyke.”

*MS. Bodl.* 48, f. 47.

And in the anonymous translation of Colonna, MS. Laud. 595, f. 1, it is included in a very extensive list of the "romaunces of pris," as well as in a similar enumeration in Richard Coer de Lion, 6665.

It is conjectured by Tyrwhitt that Chaucer also alludes to the romance of Octavian in the following passage :—

"Anonright whan I herdin that,  
How that they wolde on-huntinge gone,  
I was right glad, and up anone  
I toke my horse, and forth I wente  
Out of chambre. I nevir stente  
Tyl I come to the felde without;  
There ovirtoke I a grete rout  
Of huntirs and of foresters,  
And many relaies and limers,  
That hied hem to the forest fast,  
And I with hem; so at the last  
I askid one lad, a lymere,  
'Say, felowe, who shal huntin here?'  
Quod I; and he answered ayen,  
"Sir, the emperour *Octovien*,"  
Quod he, 'and he is here faste by.'"

*The Dreame of Chaucer*, 368.

And he quotes a passage in an inventory of 2 Hen. VI, where mention is made of a piece of tapestry which was ornamented with the story of *Le Octavion roy de Rome*, as having been in the palace of Henry V.

Bagford, MS. Harl. 5905, f. 17, mentions a printed edition of the English version of Octavian. He thus describes it:—"Octavyan, the emperour of Rome, a romanse in rime; a man and horse in complete armour, with a dogge running; imprinted at London, in Flet Strete, at the signe of the Sonne, in q., no date; a well printed booke." No copy of it is now known to exist, but it was in all probability the version now printed, that in the Cottonian MS. being in a peculiar and original stanza. According to Weber, a German translation of the romance in prose forms at present one of the most popular story-books among the peasants of that country, but the earliest copy he had seen was dated in 1587.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that the following romance has nothing to do with the genuine history of the Roman emperor whose name it bears. In the Cambridge manuscript, now marked Ff. ii. 38, his name is spelt *Octavyan*, which is my reason for adopting a similar orthography, to distinguish this from Weber's version. This MS. is the one referred to by Percy, Warton, and others, as MS. More 690, and a description of it will be found in a volume of early metrical romances which I am now editing for the Camden Society. The Lincoln MS. is also described in the same work, and in Sir F. Madden's Introduction to "*Syr Gawayne*." To this

latter work I was indebted for my first knowledge of the Lincoln copy.

Conybeare's analysis of the French romance was printed privately and anonymously, 8vo. Oxford, 1809, with notes and illustrations. To that work I refer for a more complete account of the Hatton MS. than could consistently be given in this place. It differs in several particulars from the English versions, but the main conduct of the tale is the same in all. The name of the author does not appear in any part of the poem, but it seems probable that it was written in England, from the fact that St. George, and not St. Denys, is introduced as the champion of the Christian army.

The tale of Sir Aldingar in the Percy manuscript, contains an incident very similar to that related at the commencement of the following romance; and perhaps the reader may not object to have the opportunity of making the comparison. It may be observed that it is an incident of frequent recurrence in mediæval fiction. Weber refers to *Hugh le Blond* as well as to *Sir Aldingar*. The latter commences as follows:—

“ Our king he kept a false steward,  
     Sir Aldingar they him call;  
 A falser steward than he was one,  
     Serv'd not in bower or hall.

He wolde have layne by our comely queen,  
     Her dear worship to betray;

Our queen she was a good woman,  
And evermore said him nay.

Sir Aldingar was wroth in his mind,  
With her he was never content,  
Till traiterous means he could devise,  
In a fire to have her brent.

Ther came a lazar to the king's gate,  
A lazar both blind and lame ;  
He took the lazar upon his back,  
Him on the queen's bed has lain.

“ Lie still, lazar, whereas thou liest,  
Look thou go not hence away ;  
I'll make thee a whole man and a sound,  
In two hours of the day.”

Then went him forth Sir Aldingar,  
And hied him to our king ;  
“ If I might have grace, as I have space,  
Sad tidings I could bring.”

“ Say on, say on, Sir Aldingar,  
Say on the sothe to me !”  
“ Our queen hath chosen a new true love,  
And she will have none of thee.

“ If she had chosen a right good knight,  
The less had been her shame ;  
But she hath chose her a lazar man,  
A lazar both blind and lame.”

“ If this be true, thou Aldingar,  
The tydyng thou tellest to me ;  
Then will I make thee a rich rich knight,  
Rich both of gold and fee.

“ But if it be false, Sir Aldingar,  
 As God now grant it be !  
 Thy body, I swear by the holy rood,  
 Shall hang on the gallows tree !”

He brought our king to the queen’s chamber,  
 And open’d to him the door.

“ A lodlye love,” king Harry says,  
 “ For our queen dame Elinore !”

“ If thou were a man, as thou art none,  
 Here on my sword thou’st die ;  
 But a pair of new gallows shall be built,  
 And there shalt thou hang on hye !”

Forth then hyed our king i-wysse,  
 And an angry man was hee ;  
 And soone he found queene Elinore,  
 That bird\* so bright of blee.

“ Now God you save, our queen, madam,  
 And Christ you save and see ;  
 Here you have chosen a new true love,  
 And you will have none of me.

“ If you had chosen a right good knight,  
 The less had been your shame ;  
 But you have chose you a lazar man,  
 A lazar both blind and lame.

“ Therefore a fire there shall be built,  
 And brent all shalt thou be !”

“ Now, out alack !” said our comely queen,  
 “ Sir Aldingar’s false to me !”

\* Dr. Percy reads *bride*.



Now out alack !" said our comely queen,  
 " My heart with grief will brast !  
 I had thought swevens had never been true,  
 I have proved them true at last.

" I dreamt in my sweven on Thursday eve,  
 In my bed whereas I lay ;  
 I dreamt a grype and a grimly beast,  
 Had carried my crown away !"

In the old romance of the Erle of Tolous, as in Octavian, the lady's presumed guilt is proved to the satisfaction of the court by conveying a boy into her chamber while she was asleep. Similar instances of coincidence will present themselves to the reader of old romances ; and the incident of the lioness's attachment to the child is found in several tales under very slightly varying forms.

J. O. HALLIWELL.

*August 3rd, 1844.*



THE ROMANCE  
OF  
THE EMPEROR OCTAVIAN.

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LYTYLL and mykyll, olde and yonge,  
Lystenyth now to my talkynge,  
Of whome y wylle yow lythe.  
Jhesu, Lorde, of hevyn kynge,  
Grawnt us alle hys blessynge, 5  
And make us gladd and blythe !  
Sothe sawys y wylle yow mynge  
Of whom the worde wyde can sprynge,  
Yf ye wylle lystyn and lythe ;  
Yn bokys of ryme hyt ys tolde, 10  
How hyt befelle owre eldurs olde,  
Welle oftyn sythe.

Some tyme felle aventure,  
In Rome ther was an emperowre,  
In Romans as we rede ; 15  
He was a man of grete favour,  
He levyd in yoye and gret honour,  
And doghty was in dede.

In turnament and yn fyght,  
Yn the worlde was not a bettur knyght 20  
Then he was undur wede :  
Octavyan hys name hyght,  
He was a man of moche myght,  
And bolde at every nede.

An emperes he had to wyfe, 25  
The feyrest that myght bere lyfe,  
These clerkys seyn soo ;  
Vij. yere togedur had they ben,  
Wyth yoye and game them betwene,  
And othur myrthys moo. 30  
Tho the vij. yerys were alle goon,  
Chylde myght they gete noon,  
That tyme betwene them twoo,  
That aftur hym hys londes schulde welde ;  
Therefore grete sorowe drewe them to elde : 35  
Yn herte he was fulle woo.

The emperowre on a day,  
In hys bedd as he lay  
Wyth hys lady bryght,  
He behelde hur feyre lere, 40  
That was bryght os blossom on brere,  
And semely in hys syght.  
A sorowe to hys herte ranne,  
That chylde togedur they myȝt noon han,  
Hys londe to yeve and ryght ; 45  
Be hys lady as he sete,

For woo hys chekys waxe alle wete,  
That was so hende a knyght.

When the lady can hyt see,  
Chaunge sche dud hur feyre blee, 50  
And syghyd wondur sare :  
Sche felle on kneys hym agayne,  
And of hys sorowe sche can hym frayne,  
And of hys mekylle care.  
“ For yf that hyt were yowre wylle, 55  
Yowre counselle for to schewe me tylle,  
Of yowre lyvys fare,  
Ye wott y am youre worldys fere,  
Youre thoght to me ye myght dyskever,  
Youre comfort were the mare.” 60

In hys armes he can hur folde,  
And hys cownselle to hur tolde,  
And of hys hertys wownde ;  
“ Now have we vij. yere togedur byn,  
And we no chylde have us betwen, 65  
And here we schalle not leve but a stownde.  
Y wott not how thys londe schalle fare,  
But leve in warre, in sorowe, and care,  
When we are broght to grownde ;  
Therfore y have so mekylle thoght, 70  
That when y am to bedd broght,  
Y slepe but selden sownde.”

Than answeryd that lady bryght,  
“ Syr, y can yow rede aryght,

- Yf yow no thyng to ylle ; 75  
A ryche abbey schalle we make,  
For owre dere lady sake,  
And londys geve ther-tylle.  
Sche wylle prey hur Sone feyre  
That we togedur may have an heyre, 80  
Thys londe to welde at wylle."  
They let make an abbey thoo ;  
The lady was with chyl dren twoo,  
As hyt was Goddys wylle.
- Wyth chylde waxe the lady thore ; 85  
Grete sche was with peynys sore,  
That was bothe hende and free,  
Tyll tyme felle that hyt was soo,  
The lady had men chyl dren two,  
That semely were to see. 90  
Tythyngys come to the emperowre,  
As he lay in hys towre ;  
A gladd man was hee !  
Two maydenys the errande hym broght ;  
Wythowt gyftys yede they noght, 95  
Eyther he gafe townys three.
- The emperowre was fulle blythe of mode ;  
To hys chapelle swythe he yode,  
And thanked God of hys sonde ;  
Yerly when the day can sprynge, 100  
A preest he dud a masse synge ;  
Hys modur there he fonde.

“Sone,” sche seyde, “y am blythe  
That the emperes schalle have lyve,  
And leve wyth us in londe; 105  
But moche sorowe deryth mee,  
That Rome schalle wrong-heyred bee,  
In unkynde honde.”

“Modur,” he seyde, “why sey ye soo?  
Now have we men-chyldren two, 110  
Y-thankyd be Goddys wylle!”  
“Nay,” sche seyde, “sone myne,  
Ther ys never neythyr of them thyn,  
That lykyth me fulle ylle!  
For thou myght no chylde have, 115  
Thy wyfe hath take a cokys knave,  
That wylle y prove be skylle.”  
A sorowe to the emperowrs herte ranne,  
That worde cowde he speke noon,  
But yede away fulle style. 120

To hys chapelle forthe he yode,  
And at hys masse style he stode,  
As man that was in care.  
The emperowrs modur let calle a knave,  
And hym behett grete mede to have, 125  
A thowsande pownde and mare;  
To the chaumbur the knave toke the way,  
There as the emperes in chylde-bedd lay.  
Alle slepte that there ware;  
For-why they had wakyd longe, 130

In peynys and in sorowe stronge,  
Or sche were delyvyrd thare.

“Haste the, knave, wyth alle thy myght,  
Prevely that thou were dyght,  
And that thou were uncladd; 135

Softly be hur yn thou crepe,  
That thou wake hur not of hur slepe,  
For seke sche ys be-stadd.”

Hastyly was the knave uncladd;  
In he went, as sche hym badd, 140  
Into the ryche bedde;

And evyr he drewe hym away,  
For the ryches that he in lay,  
Sore he was a-dredd.

The emperowrs modur away went than; 145  
To hur sone swythe sche wan,  
At masse there as he stode.

“Sone,” sche seyde, “thou trowest not me;  
Now thou mayste the sothe see.”

To the chaumbur wyth hur he yode. 150  
When he sawe that syght, than  
Sorowe to hys herte ranne,

And nerehonde waxe he wode;  
The knave he slewe in the bedd,  
The ryche clothys were alle be-bledd 155  
Of that gyltles blode.

Evyr lay the lady faste aslepe,  
A dylfulle swevyn can sche mete,



That was so swete a wyght :  
Sche thoght sche was in wyldyrnes, 160  
Yn thornes and in derkenes,

That sche myght have no syght.  
There come fleying ovyr the stronde  
A dragon, alle with fyre brennand,  
That alle the londe was bryght ; 165  
In hys palmes, alle brennyng bloo,  
Up he toke hur chyldren twoo,  
And away he toke hys flyght.

When the lady can awake,  
A dylfulle gronyng can sche make ; 170  
The lasse was hur care !  
The emperowre toke up the grome,  
The herre in hys honde he nome,  
The hede smote of thare.  
He caste hyt ageyne into the bedd, 175  
The ryche clothys were alle be-bledd,  
Of redd golde there they ware :  
The grete treson that there was wroght,  
The lady slept and wyste hyt noght,  
Hur comfort was the mare. 180

Wordys of thys were spoke no moo  
Tylle the emperes to churche was goo,  
As lawe was in lede ;  
The emperowre made a feste, y undurstonde,  
Of kyngys that were of ffarre londe, 185  
And lordys of dyvers stede.

The kyng of Calabur, withowt lees,  
That the ladys ffadur was,  
    Thethur was he bede ;  
Alle they semblyd on a day, 190  
Wyth myrthe, game, and with play,  
    Whan the lady to churche yede.

Kyngys dwellyd then alle in same ;  
There was yoye and moche game,  
    At that grete mangery ; 195  
Wyth gode metys them amonge,  
Harpe, pype, and mery songe,  
    Bothe lewte and sawtré.  
When the vij. nyght was alle goon,  
Wyth alle-kyn welthe in that won, 200  
    And mery mynstralsy ;  
Ther was never so ryche a getherynge,  
That had so sory a pertynge,  
    I wylle yow telle for-why.

Grete dele hyt ys to telle, 205  
On the ix<sup>the</sup> day what befelle ;  
    Lystenyth, and ye schalle here.  
The emperowre to chaumbur yode,  
Alle the kyngys abowte hym stode  
    Wyth fulle gladd chere. 210  
The emperowre seyde there he can stonde,  
Soche aventure felle in that londe,  
    Of a lady in that yere,  
Wyth soche a treson was take and teynt ;

He askyd when maner iugement                      215  
That sche worthy were.

When the emperowre had hys tale tolde,  
The kyng of Calabur answeere wolde,  
He wyste not what hyt mente ;  
He seyde, “ Hyt ys worthy, for hur sake, 220  
Wythowt the cyté a fyre to make,  
Be ryghtwyse yugement ;  
When the fyre were brennyng faste,  
Sche and hur ij. chyldren therin to be caste,  
And to dethe to be brente.” 225  
The emperowre answeyrd hym fulle sone,  
“ Thyn own doghtur hyt hath done,  
Y holde to thyn assent !”

There was dele and grete pyté ;  
A feyre they made withowt the cyté, 230  
Wyth brondys brennyng alle bryght.  
To the fyre they ledd that lady thare,  
Two squyers hur chyldren bare,  
That semely were in syght ;  
In a kyrtulle of scarlett redd, 235  
In the fyre to take hur dedd  
Redy was sche dyght.  
The kyng of Calabur made evylle chere,  
For dele he myzt not stonde hys doghtur nere ;  
There wept bothe kynge and knyght. 240

The lady sawe no bettur redd,  
But that sche schulde be dedd

That day upon the fylde ;  
Wyth sory hert, the sothe to telle,  
Before the emperowre on kneys sche felle, 245  
And bothe hur hondys uphelde.  
“Grawnt me, Lorde, for Jhesu sake,  
Oon oryson that y may make  
To Hym that alle may welde ;  
And sythen on me do yowre wylle, 250  
What dethe that ye wylle put me tylle,  
Therto y wylle me zelde.”

The lady on hur kneys hur sett,  
To Jhesu Cryste fulle sore sche wepte,  
What wondur was hyt thogh she were woo ! 255  
“Jhesu,” sche seyde, “kyng of blysse,  
Thys day thou me rede and wysse,  
And hevene qwene alsoo.  
Mary, mayden and modur free,  
My preyer wylle y make to thee, 260  
For my chyldren twoo ;  
As thou lett them be borne of mee,  
Grawnt that they may crystenyd bee,  
To dethe or that they goo.”

Kyngys and qwenys abowte hur were, 265  
Ladys felle in swownyng there,  
And knyghtys stode wepande ;  
The emperowre hur lorde stode hur nere,  
The terys tryllyd downe on hys lere,  
Fulle sory can he stande. 270

The emperowre spake a worde of pyté,

“Dame, thy dethe y wyll not see,

Wyth herte nothur wyth hande.”

The emperowre gaf hur leve to goo,

And wyth hur to take hur chyldren two, 275

And flee owt of hys londe.

The emperowre gaf hur xl. pownde

Of fflorens that were rownde,

In yeste as we rede ;

And betoke hur knyghtys twoo, 280

And gaf hur the golde, and badd hur goo

Owt of hys londe to lede.

The knyghtys the chyldren bare,

There the hye weyes ware,

And forthe fulle swythe they yede ; 285

The kyngys from the parlement,

Eche man to hys own londe went,

For sorowe ther hertys can blede.

Tho the lady come to a wyldurnes,

That fulle of wylde bestys was ; 290

The wode was grete and streyght.

The knyghtys toke hur there the chyldren twoo,

And gaf hur the golde, and badd hur goo

The way that lay forthe ryght.

They badd hur holde the hye strete, 295

For drede of wylde beestys for to mete,

That mekylle were of myght ;

Ageyne they went with sory mode,

The lady aloon forthe sche yode,  
As a wofulle wyght. 300

So had sche wepte there beforne,  
That the ryght wey had sche lorne,  
So moche sche was in thoght;  
Ynto a wode was veryly thykk,  
There clevys were and weyes wyck, 305  
And hur wey fonde sche noght.  
Yn a clyff undur an hylle  
There sche fonde a fulle feyre welle,  
In an herber redy wroght;  
Wyth olyfe treys was the herber sett: 310  
The lady sett hur downe and wepte,  
Further myght sche noght.

The lady by the welle hur sett,  
To Jhesu Cryste sore sche grett;  
No further myght sche gone. 315  
“Lorde kynge,” sche seyde, “of hevyn blys,  
Thys day thou me rede and wysse,  
Fulle weyle y am of won.  
Mary modur, maydyn free,  
My preyer wylle y make to the, 320  
Thou mende my sorowfulle mone!  
So fulle y am of sorowe and care,  
That thre dayes are goon and mare  
That mete ete y noon.”

Be that sche had hur chyldren dyght, 325  
Hyt was woxe derke nyght,

As sche sate be the welle ;  
In the erber downe sche lay  
Tylle hyt was dawnyng of the day,  
That fowlys herde sche zelle. 330  
There came an ape to seke hur pray,  
Hur oon chylde sche bare away  
On an hye hylle ;  
What wondur was thogh sche were woo ?  
The ape bare the chylde hur froo ! 335  
In swownyng downe sche felle.

In alle the sorowe that sche in was,  
There come rennyng a lyenas,  
Os wode as sche wolde wede ;  
In swownyng as the lady lay, 340  
Hur wodur chylde sche bare away,  
Hur whelpys wyth to fede.  
What wondur was thogh sche woo ware ?  
The wylde beestys hur chyldyr away bare,  
For sorowe hur herte can blede ! 345  
The lady sett hur on a stone  
Besyde the welle, and made hur mone,  
And syghyng forthe sche yede.

There came a fowle that was feyre of flyght,  
A gryffyn he was callyd be ryght, 350  
Ovyr the holtys hore ;  
The fowle was so moche of myght,  
That he wolde bare a knyght,  
Welle armyd thogh he ware.

The lyenas with the chylde up toke he, 355  
And into an yle of the see

Bothe he them bare ;

The chylde slept in the lyenas mowthe,  
Of wele nor wo nothyng hyt knowyth,  
But God kepe hyt from care. 360

Whan the lyenas had a fote on londe,  
Hastyly sche can up-stonde,

As a beste that was stronge and wylde ;  
Thorow Goddes grace the gryffyn she slowe,  
And sythen ete of the flesche y-nowe, 365

And leyde hur downe be the chylde.

The chylde soke the lyenas,  
As hyt Goddys wylle was,

Whan hyt the pappys feled ;  
And when the lyenas began to wake, 370  
Sche lovyd the chylde for hur whelpys sake,  
And therwith sche was fulle mylde.

Wyth hur fete sche made a denne,  
And leyde the lytulle chylde theryn,  
And kepte hyt day and nyght ; 375

And, when the lyenas hungurd sore,  
Sche ete of the gryffyn more,

That afore was stronge and wyght.  
As hyt was Goddys owne wylle,  
The lyenas belafte the chylde styлле ; 380

The chylde was feyre and bryght.

The lady sett hur on a stone  
Besyde the welle, and made hur mone,  
As a wofulle wyght.



“Jhesu,” sche seyde, “kyng of blys,  
Thys day thou me rede and wysse!

Of alle kyngys thou art flowre !  
As y was kyngys doghtur and qwene,  
And emperes of Rome have bene,  
Of many a ryche towre. 390

Thorow the lesyng that ys on me wroght,  
To moche sorowe y am broght,  
And owt of myn honowre ;  
The worldys wele y have forlorne,  
And my two chyl dren be fro me borne, 395  
Thys lyfe y may not dewre !

“Lorde, the sorowe that y am ynne,  
Welle y wot hyt ys for my synne :  
Welcome be thy sonde !  
To the worlde y wylle me never yeve, 400  
But serve the, Lorde, whylle y leve,  
Into the Holy Londe.”

Downe be an hylle the wey she name,  
And to the Grekeysch see sche came,  
And walkyd on the stronde ; 405  
Beforne hur an haven there she sye,  
And a ceté wyth towrys hye  
Alle redy there sche fonde.

When sche come to the ryche towne,  
A schyppe sche fonde alle redy bowne 410  
Wyth pylgrymys forthe to fare ;  
Sche badd the schyppman golde and fee,

In hys schypp that sche myght bee,

Yf hys wylle ware.

A bote they sende ovyr the flode 415

To the lady there sche stode,

A wyght man in hur bare ;

By the maste they badd hur sytte,

Of hur wo myght no man wytt,

But evyr sche wept fulle sare. 420

The schypp come be an yle syde,

The schyppman bade them there abyde,

“ Fresche watur have we none.”

Besyde them was a roche hye,

A welle feyre welle there they sye 425

Come strykyng ovyr a stone.

Two men to the londe they sente ;

Up by the streme they wente,

The welle they fonde anone.

A lyenas lay in hur denne, 430

And was fulle fayne of tho two men,

Anon sche had them slon.

So long on ankyr can they ryde,

The two men for to abyde,

Tylle none was on the day ; 435

Xij. men anon can they dyght,

Wyth helmes and hawberkys bryght,

To londe than wente they.

They fonde the lyenas denne,

A man-chylde lyeng therynne, 440

Wyth the lyenas to pley;  
Sometyme hyt soke the lyenas pappe,  
And sometyme they can kysse and cleppe:  
For fere they fledd away.

They yede and tolde what they sye, 445  
They fonde on the roche on hye  
A lyenas in hur denne,  
A man-chylde ther in lay,  
Wyth the lyenas to play,  
And dedd were bothe ther men. 450  
Then spake the lady mylde,  
"Mercy, lordyngys, that ys my chylde!  
On londe ye let me renne."  
The bote they sente over the flode,  
To londe allone the lady yode, 455  
Sore wepeyd the schypman than!

When sche came on the roche on hyght,  
Sche ranne, whylle sche myght,  
Wyth fulle sory mode;  
The lyenas, thorow Goddys grace, 460  
When sche sye the ladyes face,  
Debonerly styлле sche stode.  
Thorow the myght of Mary mylde,  
Sche suffurd hur to take up the chylde,  
And wyth the lady to the see she yode; 465  
When the schypmen the lyenas sye,  
The londe durste they not come nye,  
For feere they were nye wode!

Some hente an oore, and some a sprytt,  
The lyenas for to meete, 470

Owt of ther schyppe to were;  
The lady ynto the schyp wente,  
xxx. fote the lyenas aftur sprete,  
Ther durste no man hur yn bere.  
There men myght game see, 475  
xl. men lepe ynto the see,

So ferde of the lyenas they were!  
By the lady the lyenas downe lay,  
And with the chylde can sche play,  
And no man wolde sche dere. 480

They drewe up seyle of ryche hewe,  
The wynde owt of the havyn them blewe,  
Ovyr the wanne streme;  
The furste londe that they sye  
Was a ceté wyth towrys hye, 485  
That hyght Jerusalem.

As glad they were of that syght,  
As fowlis be of day lyght,  
And of the sonne leme;  
When hyt was ebbe and not flode, 490  
The schypmen and the lady to londe yode  
Into that ryche realme.

Ovyr alle the cyté wyde and longe,  
Of thys lady worde ther spronge,  
That there on londe was lende; 495  
How sche had a lyenas

Brought owt of wyldurnes ;

The kynge aftur hur sende.

The kynge bad hur lett for nothyng,

And the lyenas with hur bryng,

To the castelle there nere-honde ;

When that sche before hym come,

For the emperyce of ryche Rome

Fulle welle he hur kende.

The kynge frayned hur of hur fare,

And sche hym tolde of moche care,

As a wofulle wyght ;

With hys quene he made hur to dwelle,

And maydenys redy at hur wylle,

To serve hur day and nyght.

The chylde that was so feyre and free,

The kynge let hyt crystenyd bee,

Octavyon he hyght ;

When the chylde was of elde,

That he cowde ryde and armys welde,

The kynge dubbyd hym knyght.

The lyenas that was so wylde,

Sche levyd with the lady mylde,

Hur comfort was the more ;

The lady was wyth the quene,

With myrthe and game them betwene,

To covyr hur of hur care.

Eche oon servyd hur day and nyght,

To make hur gladd with alle ther myght,

Tylle hyt bettur ware. 525  
In Jerusalem can the lady dwelle,  
And of hur odor chylde y can yow telle,  
That the ape away bare.

Now comyth the ape that was wylde,  
Thorow the forest with the chylde, 530  
Be the holtys hoore ;  
As the ape come over the strete,  
With a knyght can sche meete,  
That chylde as sche bare.  
There faght the knyzt wondur longe 535  
With the ape that was so stronge,  
Hys swyrde brake he thare !  
The ape then away ranne,  
The knyzt there the chylde wanne,  
And on hys way can he fare. 540

Forthe rode the knyzt with the chylde then,  
And yn the foreste he mett owtlawys x.,  
That moche were of myght ;  
The knyzt 3yt was never so wo,  
For hys swerde was brokyn yn two, 545  
That he ne myzt with them fyght.  
Thogh the knyzt were kene and thro,  
The owtlawys wanne the chylde hym fro,  
That was so swete a wyght ;  
The knyzt was woundyd so that day, 550  
Unnethe hys hors bare hym away,  
So delefully was he dyght.

The owtlawys set them on a grene,  
And leyde the lytylle chylde them betwene ;  
The chylde upon them loghe. 555  
The maystyr owtlawe seyde then,  
“ Hyt were grete schame for hardy men,  
Thys chylde here and we sloghe ;  
I rede we bere hyt here besyde,  
To a ryche cyté with grete pryde, 560  
And do we hyt no woghe ;  
Hyt ys so feyre and gentylle borne,  
That we myȝt have therforne  
Golde and sylvyr y-noghe.”

Then ij. of them made them yare, 565  
And to the cyté the chylde they bare,  
That was so swete a wyght ;  
Ther was no man that the chylde sye,  
But that they wepte with ther eye,  
So feyre hyt was be syght. 570  
A burges of Parys came them nere,  
That had be palmer vij. yere,  
Clement the velayn he hyght :  
“ Lordynges,” he seyde, “ wylle ye thys chylde  
selle ?”  
“ Ye, who wylle us golde and sylvyr telle, 575  
Floryns brode and bryght.”

For xl. *li.* the chylde selle they wolde ;  
Clement seyde, “ Longe y may hym holde,  
Or y hym selle may ;  
Y swere yow, lordynges, be my hode, 580

I trowe ye can fulle lytylle gode,  
Soche wordys for to say.  
Golde and sylver ys to me fulle nede,  
xx. *li.* y wylle yow bede,  
And make yow redy paye." 585  
The chylde they to Clement yolde,  
xx. *li.* he them tolde,  
And wente forthe on hys way.

When Clement had the chylde boght,  
A panyer he let be wroght, 590  
The chylde yn to lede ;  
A nurse he gate hym also  
Into Fraunce with hym to go,  
The chylde for to fede.  
Home he toke the wey fulle ryght, 595  
And hastyd hym with alle hys myght,  
That was hys beste rede ;  
Burgeys of Parys were fulle fayne,  
Many wente Clement agayne,  
A sklavyne was hys wede. 600

They callyd Clement and kyssyd hym alle,  
And broght hym home to hys halle ;  
Hys wyfe therof was blythe.  
Sche askyd hym the ryght dome  
How he to the chylde come ; 605  
He tolde hur fulle swythe,  
"In Jerusalem there y hym gete,  
For there wolde y hym not lete,  
The sothe y wylle the kythe."



The wyfe answeyrd, with herte mylde, 610  
“ Hyt schalle be myn own chylde,”  
And kyssyd hyt many a sythe.

“ Dame,” seyde Clement, “ whylle y palmer was,  
Thys chylde y gate with my flesche  
In the hethen thede ; 615

Into thys londe y have hym broght,  
For-why that thou wylt greve the noght,  
Fulle ryche schalle be thy mede.”

The wyfe answeyrd with herte fre,  
“ Fulle welcome, syr, hyt ys to me ; 620

Fulle welle y schalle hym fede,  
And kepe hym with my chylde,  
Tylle that he come of elde,  
And clothe them yn oon wede.”

Clement than was fulle blythe, 625  
And let crysten hym fulle swythe ;  
Hyt was taryed that nyght.

In the jeste, as hyt ys tolde,  
The ryght name he hym calde,  
Florent be name he hyght ; 630

Whan the chylde was vij. yere olde,  
Hyt was feyre, wyse, and bolde,

The man that redyth aryght :  
Thorow the realme of Fraunce wyde and longe  
Of thys chylde the worde spronge, 635  
So feyre he was be syght.

Evyr the burges and hys wyfe  
Lovyd the chylde as ther lyfe,  
To them he was fulle dere ;  
Tylle the chylde was vij. yere olde and more, 640  
The burges set hym to lore,  
To be a chaungere.

Clement toke the chylde oxen two,  
And bad hym to the brygge go,  
To be a bochere, 645  
To lerne hys crafte for to do ;  
And hys kynde was nevyr therto,  
Soche games for to lere.

As Florent to the brygge can go,  
Dryvyng forthe hys oxen two, 650  
He sawe a semely syght ;  
A squyer, as y schalle yow telle,  
A jentylle fawcon bare to selle,  
Wyth fedurs folden bryght.  
Florent to the squyer yede, 655  
Bothe hys oxen he can hym bede  
For the fawcon lyght ;  
The squyer therof was fulle blythe  
For to take the oxen swythe,  
And gave hym the fawcon ryght. 660

The squyer therof was fulle gladd,  
When he tho oxen taken had,  
And hyed owt of syght;  
And Florent to fle was fulle fayne,

He wende he wolde have had hys hawk agayne, 665

And ranne with alle hys myȝt.

Home he toke the ryght way

To Clementes hows, as hyt lay,

And yn he went fulle ryght ;

He fedde the hawke whylle he wolde, 670

And sythen he can hys fedurs folde,

As the squyer had hym teyȝt.

Clement came yn fulle sone,

“ Thefe, where haste thou my oxen done,

That y the be-gyfte ?” 675

Grete dele myȝt men see thore ;

Clement bete the chylde sore,

That was so swete a wyght!

“ With odur mete shalt thou not leve,

But that thys glede wylle ye yeve, 680

Neythur day ne nyght.”

As sore beton as the chylde stode,

ȝyt he to the fawcon yode,

Hys fedurs for to ryght.

The chylde thoght wondur thore, 685

That Clement bete hym so sore,

And mekely he can pray,

“ Syr,” he seyde, “ for Crystys ore,

Leve, and bete me no more,

But ye wyste welle why. 690

Wolde ye stonde now and beholde

How feyre he can hys fedurs folde,

And how lovely they lye,  
 Ye wolde pray God with alle your mode,  
 That ye had solde halfe your gode, 695  
 Soche anodur to bye."

The burgeys wyfe besyde stode,  
 Sore sche rewyd yn hur mode,  
 And seyde, "Syr, thyn ore !  
 For Mary love, that maydyn mylde, 700  
 Have mercy on owre feyre chylde,  
 And bete hym no more.  
 Let hym be at home and serve us two,  
 And let owre odur sonys go  
 Eche day to lore ; 705  
 Soche grace may God for the chylde have wrozt,  
 To a bettur man he may be broght,  
 Than he a bocher were."

Aftur alle thys tyme be-felle,  
 Clement xl. pownde can telle 710  
 Into a pawtenere ;  
 Clement toke hyt chylde Florent,  
 And to the brygge he hym sente,  
 Hys brothur hyt to bere.  
 As the chylde thorow the cyté of Parys yede, 715  
 He sye where stode a feyre stede,  
 Was stronge yn eche werre ;  
 The stede was whyte as any mylke,  
 The brydylle reynys were of sylke,  
 The molettys gylte they were. 720

Florent to the stede can gone,  
So feyre an hors sye he never none  
    Made of flesche and felle ;  
Of wordys the chylde was wondur bolde,  
And askyd whedur he schoulde be solde, 725  
    The penyes he wolde hym telle.  
The man hym lovyd for xxx. pownde,  
Eche peny hole and sownde,  
    No lesse he wolde hym selle.  
Florent seyde, " To lytulle hyt were, 730  
But never the lees thou schalt have more."  
    xl. pownde he can hym telle.

The merchaund therof was fulle blythe  
For to take the money swythe,  
    And hastyd hym away. 735  
Chylde Florent lepe up to ryde,  
To Clementys hows with grete pryde  
    He toke the ryght way :  
The chylde soght noon odor stalle,  
But sett hys stede yn the halle, 740  
    And gave hym corne and haye ;  
And sethyn he can hym kembe and dyght,  
That every heer lay aryght,  
    And nevyr oon wronge lay.

Clement comyth yn fulle sone, 745  
" Thefe," he seyde, " what haste thou done ?  
    What haste thou hedur broght ?"  
" Mercy, fadur, for Goddys peté,

With the money that ye toke me,  
Thys horse have y boght." 750  
The burges wyfe felle on kne thore,  
"Syr, mercy," sche seyde, "for Crystys ore,  
Owre feyre chylde bete ye noght!  
Ye may see, and ye undurstode,  
That he had never kynde of thy blode, 755  
That he these werkys hath wroght."

Aftur thys hyt was not longe,  
In Fraunce felle a werre stronge,  
And c. thousande were there y-lente;  
With schyldys brode, and helmys bryzt, 760  
Men that redy were to fyght,  
Thorow owt the londe they went.  
They broke castels stronge and bolde,  
Ther myzt no hye wallys them holde,  
Ryche townys they brente! 765  
Alle the kyngys, ferre and nere,  
Of odor londys that Crysten were,  
Aftur were they sente.

Octavyon, the Emperour of Rome,  
To Parys sone he come, 770  
Wyth many a mody knyght;  
And othur kynges kene with crowne,  
Alle they were to batelle bowne,  
With helmys and hawberkys bryght.  
In Parys a monyth the oost lay, 775  
For they had takyn a day

With the sowdon, moche of myght.  
The sowdon with hym a gyaunt broȝt,  
The realme of Fraunce durste noȝt  
Agenste hym to fyght. 780

The sowdon had a doghtur bryght,  
Marsabelle that maydyn hyght,  
Sche was bothe feyre and fre;  
The feyrest thyng alyve that was,  
In Crystendome or Hethynnes, 785  
And semelyest of syght!  
To the kyng of Fraunce the maydyn sende,  
To lye at Mountmertrous there nere-honde,  
From Parys mylys thre;  
At Mountmertrous besyde borogh Larayne, 790  
That stondyth over the banke of Sayne,  
For aventours wolde sche see.

The kyng of Fraunce the maydyn hyȝt,  
As he was trewe kyng and knyȝt,  
And swere hur, be hys fay, 795  
That she must savely come therto,  
Ther schulde no man hur mysdo,  
Neythur be nyght ne day.  
The mayde therof was fulle blythe,  
To the castelle sche went swythe, 800  
And vij. nyghtes there sche lay;  
For sche thoght yoye and pryde,  
To see the Crystyn knyghtes ryde,  
On fylde them for to play.

The gyauntes name was Aragonour, 805  
He lovyd that maydyn paramour,  
That was so feyre and free ;  
And she had levyr drawyn bene,  
Than yn hur chaumber hym to sene,  
So fowle a wyght was he ! 810  
The gyaunt came to Mountmertrous on a day,  
For to comfort that feyre may,  
And badd hur blythe bee ;  
He seyde, " Lemman, or y ete mete,  
The kynges hed of Fraunce y wylle the gete, 815  
For oone cosse of the !"

Than spake the mayde, mylde of mode,  
To the gyaunt there he stode,  
And gaf hym answeere.  
" The kynges hed, when hyt ys broȝt, 820  
A kysse wylle y warne the noght,  
For lefe to me hyt were !"   
The gyaunt armyd hym fulle welle,  
Bothe yn yron and yn stele,  
With schylde and wyth spere ; 825  
Hyt was xx. fote and two  
Be-twyx hys hedd and hys too,  
None hors myȝt hym bere.

The gyaunt toke the ryȝt way  
To the cyté of Parys, as hyt lay, 830  
With hym went no moo.  
The gyaunt leynyd over the walle,



And spake to the folkys alle,  
    Wordys kene and thro;  
And bad them sende hym a knyght, 835  
To fynde hym hys fylle of fyght,  
    Or the londe he wolde ovyr go,  
And he ne wolde leve alyfe  
Man, beste, chylde, ne wyfe,  
    But that he wolde them brenne and slo! 840

Alle the folke of that cyté  
Ranne that gyaunt for to see,  
    At the walle there he stode;  
As farre as they sye hys blee,  
They were fayne for to flee, 845  
    For fere they were nye wode!  
Owt went armyd knyghtes v.,  
They thoght to aventour ther lyve,  
    The gyaunt thoght hyt gode;  
Fulle hastely he had them slayne, 850  
Ther came never oon quyk agayne,  
    That owt at the yatys yode!

Chylde Florent askyd hys fadur Clement,  
Whodur alle that people went,  
    That to the yatys dud renne; 855  
Clement tolde Florent, hys sone,  
    “ Soche a gyaunt to the walle ys come ;”  
    The chylde harkenyd hym then.  
“ Sone, but yf he may fynde a man,  
That he may fyght hys fylle upon, 860

Thys cyté wylle he brenne,  
 And sythen thys londe over gone,  
 Quykk wylle he leve noon  
 Alyve that ys ther-ynne."

"Fadur," he seyde, "sadulle my stede, 865  
 And lende me some dele of your wede,  
 And helpe that y were dyght ;  
 Yf that hyt be Goddys wylle,  
 I hope to fynde hym hys fylle,  
 Thogh he be stronge and wyght." 870  
 Clement seyde, "And thou oon worde more speke,  
 Thys day y wylle thy hedd breke,  
 I swere be Mary bryght!"  
 "For nothyng, fadur, wylle y byde,  
 To the gyaunt wylle y ryde, 875  
 And prove on hym my myght!"

For sorowe Clementes herte nye braste,  
 When he on Florent hacton caste,  
 The chylde was bolde and kene ;  
 An hawberke above let he falle, 880  
 Rowsty were the naylys alle,  
 And hys atyre bedeene.  
 Clement broght forthe schylde and spere,  
 That were uncomely for to were,  
 Alle sutty, blakk, and unclene ; 885  
 A swyrde he broght the chylde beforne,  
 That vij. yere afore was not borne,  
 Ne drawe, and that was seene.

Clement the swyrde drawe owt wolde,  
Gladwyn hys wyfe schoulde the scabard holde, 890

And bothe faste they drowe ;  
When the swyrde owt glente,  
Bothe to the erthe they wente,  
There was game y-nowe !

Clement felle to a benche so faste, 895  
That mowth and nose alle to-braste,  
And Florent stode and loghe.

Hyt ys gode bowrde to telle,  
How they to the erthe felle,  
And Clement lay yn swoghe ! 900

Chylde Florent yn hys on-fayre wede,  
When he was armyd on a stede,

Hys swyrde y-drawyn he bare ;  
Hys ventayle and hys basenett,  
Hys helme on hys hedd sett, 905

Bothe rowsty they were.  
Bothe Clement and hys wyfe  
Lovyd the chylde as ther lyfe,

For hym they wept fulle sore !  
To Jhesu Cryste faste can they bede 910  
To sende hym grace welle to spede ;  
They myght do no more.

For hys atyre that was so bryght,  
Hym behelde bothe kynge and knyzt,

And moche wondur thoght ; 915  
Many a skorne there he hent,

As he thorow the cyté went,  
But therof roght he noght.  
The people to the wallys can go  
To see the batelle betwene them two, 920  
When they were togedur broght :  
Clement, hys fadur, wo was he  
Tylle he wyste whych schulde maystyr be ;  
Gladd was he noght.

The chylde came to the yatys sone, 925  
And bad the portar them on-done,  
And opyn them fulle wyde.  
Alle that abowt the chylde stode,  
Laghed as they were wode,  
And skornyd hym that tyde. 930  
Every man seyde to hys fere,  
“Here comyth an hardy bachelere,  
Hym besemyth welle to ryde ;  
Men may see be hys breme bryght,  
That he ys an hardy knyght 935  
The gyaunt to abyde !”

The gyaunt upryght can stonde,  
And toke hys burdon yn hys honde,  
Of stele that was un-ryde ;  
To the chylde smote he so, 940  
That the chyldes shylde brake yn two,  
And felle on every syde.  
The chylde was never 3yt so wo,  
That hys schylde was brokyn yn two,

More he thoght to byde ; 945  
To the gyaunt he smote so sore,  
That hys ryzt arme flye of thore,  
The blode stremyd wyde.

Clement on the wallys stode,  
Fulle blythe was he yn hys mode, 950  
And mende can hys chere :  
“ Sone, for that y have seene  
Thy noble stroke that ys so kene,  
To me art thou fulle dere ;  
Now me thynkyth yn my mode, 955  
Thou haste welle be-sett my gode,  
Soche playes for to lere.  
Jhesu that syttyth yn Trynyté,  
Blesse the fadur that gate the,  
And the modur that the dud bere !” 960

Chylde Florent, yn hys feyre wede,  
Sprange owt as sparkylle on glede,  
The sothe y wylle yow say ;  
He rode forthe wyth egur mode  
To the gyaunt there he stode, 965  
There was no chyldys play !  
The gyaunt to the chylde smote so,  
That hys hors and he to grounde dud go,  
The stede on kneys lay ;  
Clement cryed wyth egur mode, 970  
“ Sone, be now of comfort gode,  
And venge the, yf thou may.”

As evylle as the chylde farde,  
When he Clementes speche harde,  
    Hys harte beganne to bolde ; 975  
Boldely hys swyrde he lawght,  
To the gyaunt soche a strok he raght,  
    That alle hys blode can colde.  
He hytt the gyaunt on the schouldur boone,  
That to the pappe the swyrde ranne, 980  
    To grounde can he folde !  
Thus hyt was, thorow Goddys grace,  
The gyaunt swownyd yn that place,  
    In geste as hyt ys tolde.

The kyngys on the wallys stode. 985  
Whan the gyaunt to grounde yode,  
    Alle gladd they were ;  
Alle the people at the chylde loghe,  
How he the gyauntes helme of droghe,  
    And hys hedd he smote of there. 990  
The chylde lepe upon hys stede,  
And rode away a gode spede,  
    Wyth them spake he no more.  
The chylde toke the ryght way  
To Mountmertrous, there the mayde lay, 995  
    And the hedd with hym he bare.

When he came to the maydyns halle,  
He fonde the boordys covyrde alle,  
    And redy to go to mete ;

The maydyn that was so mylde of mode, 1000  
In a kyrtulle there sche stode,

And bowne sche was to sete.

"Damyselle," he seyde, "feyre and free,  
Welle gretyth thy lemman the,

Of that he the be-hete ; 1005

Here an hedd y have the broght,

The kyngys of Fraunce ys hyt noght,

Hyt ys evylle to gete."

The byrde bryght as golde hye,

When sche the gyauntes hedd sye, 1010

Welle sche hyt kende.

"Me thynkyth he was trewe of hete,

The kynges when he myght not gete,

Hys own that he me sende."

"Damyselle," he seyde, "feyre and bryght, 1015

Now wylle y have that thou hym hyght,"

And ovyr hys sadulle he leynyd ;

Ofte sythys he kyste that may,

And hente hur up and rode away,

That alle the brygge can bende ! 1020

Crye and noyse rose yn the towne,

Sone ther was to batelle bowne

Many an hardy knyght,

With sperys longe and schyldys browne ;

Florent let the maydyn adowne, 1025

And made hym bowne to fyght.

Hur skarlet sleve he schare of then,

He seyde, "Lady, be thys ye shalle me ken,

When ye me see by syght."  
 Soche love waxe betwene them two, 1030  
 That the lady wepte for wo,  
 When he ne wyne hur myght.

Chylde Florent yn on-feyre wede  
 Sprange owt as sparkylle on glede,  
 The sothe for to say : 1035  
 Many hethen men that stownde,  
 In dede he broght to the grounde,  
 There was no chyllys play.  
 When Florent beganne to fownde,  
 Wythowt any weme of wownde, 1040  
 To Parys he toke the way ;  
 The hethyn men were so for-dredd,  
 To Cleremount with the mayde they fledd,  
 There the Sowdon lay.

In hur fadur pavylon, 1045  
 There they let the maydyn downe,  
 And sche knelyd on knee ;  
 The Sowdon was fulle blythe,  
 To hys doghtur he went swythe,  
 And kyssyd hur sythys thre. 1050  
 He set hur downe on a deyse,  
 Rychely, wythowt lees,  
 Wyth grete solempnyté :  
 Sche tolde hur fadur and wolde not layne,  
 How Araganour, the gyaunt, was slayne ; 1055  
 A sory man was he !



"Leve fadur," sche seyde, "thyn ore,  
 At Mountmertrous let me be no more,  
 So nere the Crysten to bene ;  
 In soche aventure y was to day, 1060  
 That a rybawde had me borne away,  
 For alle my knyghtys kene ;  
 Ther was no man yn hethyn londe  
 Myght sytte a dynte of hys honde,  
 The traytur was so preme. 1065  
 As oftyn as y on hym thenke,  
 Y may nodur ete nor drynke,  
 So fulle y am of tene."

When the Sowdon thes tythynges herde,  
 He bote hys lyppys and schoke hys berde, 1070  
 That hodyus hyt was to see ;  
 He swere be egur countynawns,  
 That hange he wolde the kyng of Fraunce,  
 And brenne alle Crystyanté !  
 "I schalle neythur leve on lyve 1075  
 Man ne beste, chylde ne wyve,  
 Wyth eyen that y may see !  
 Doghtur, go to chaumbur swythe,  
 And loke thou make the glad and blythe,  
 Avengyd schalt thou be!" 1080

Fulle rychely was the chaumbur spradd,  
 Therto was the maydyn ladd  
 Wyth maydenys that sche broght ;  
 On softe seges was sche sett,  
 Sche myght nodur drynke ne ete, 1085

So moche on hym sche thoght ;  
Odur whyle on hys feyre chere,  
And of the colour of hys lere,  
Sche myght for-gete hym noght.  
Stylle sche seyde, wyth herte sore, 1090  
“Allas! with my lemman that y ne were,  
Where he wolde me have broght!”

On hur bedd as sche lay,  
To hur sche callyd a may  
Fulle prevély and style ; 1095  
The maydyn hyght Olyvan,  
The kyngys doghtur of Sodam,  
That moost wyste of hur wylle.  
Sche seyde, “Olyvan, now yn prevyté,  
My councele wylle y schewe the, 1100  
That grevyth me fulle ylle ;  
On a chylde ys alle my thoght,  
That me to Parys wolde have broȝt,  
And y ne may come hym tylle.”

Olyvan answeyrd hur tho, 1105  
“Sethyn, lady, ye wylle do so,  
Drede ye no wyght ;  
I schalle yow helpe bothe nyght and day,  
Lady, alle that evyr y may,  
That he yow wyne myght. 1110  
ȝyt may soche aventour be,  
Lady, that ye may hym see  
Or thys fourtenyght ;

At Mountmertrous y wolde ye were,  
The sothe of hym there shulde ye here, 1115  
Be he squyer or knyght."

The crysten men were fulle blythe,  
When they sye Florent on lyve,  
They wende he had be lorne ;  
The chylde was set with honour 1120  
Betwyx the kyng of Fraunce and the Emperour,  
Sothe wythowten lees.

The Emperour the chylde can beholde,  
He was so curtes and so bolde,  
But he ne wyste what he was ; 1125  
The emperour thocht ever yn hys mode,  
The chylde was comyn of gentylle blode,  
He thocht ryght as hyt was.

When the folke had alle eton,  
Clement had not alle forgeton, 1130  
Hys purce he openyd thore.

xxx. florens forthe caste he,  
"Have here for my sone and me,  
I may pay for no more."

Clement was so curtes and wyse, 1135  
He wende hyt had ben merchandyse,  
The pryde that he sawe thore !

At Clement logh the kyngys alle,  
So dud the knyghtys yn that halle,  
And chylde Florent schamyd sore. 1140

The Emperour than spekyth he  
 To Florent, that was feyre and fre,  
 Wordys wondur style.

“Yonge knyght, y pray the,  
 Ys he thy fadur? telle thou me.” 1145

The chylde answeyrd ther-tylle,  
 “Syr, love y had never hym to,  
 As y schulde to my fadur do,  
 In herte ne yn wylle;  
 Of alle the men that evyr y sye, 1150  
 Moost yevyth my herte to yow trewly,  
 Syr, take hyt not yn ylle.”

The Emperour let calle Clement there,  
 He hym sett hym fulle nere

On the hygh deyse; 1155  
 He bad hym telle the ryght dome  
 How he to the chylde come,

The sothe wythowten lees.  
 “Syr, thys chylde was take yn a forest  
 From a lady wyth a wylde beest, 1160

In a grete wyldurnes;  
 And y hym boght for xx. pownde,  
 Eche peny hole and sownde,  
 And seyde my sone he was.”

The emperour than was fulle blythe 1165  
 Of that tythyng for that lythe,  
 And thankyd God Almyght!

The emperour felle on kne fulle swythe,  
And kyste the chylde an c. sythe,  
And worschyppeyd God fulle ryght ! 1170  
Welle he wyste withowt lees,  
That he hys own sone was,  
Alle gamyd kyng and knyght.  
The chyldeys name was chaungyd with dome,  
And callyd hym Syr Florent of Rome, 1175  
As hyt was gode ryght.

The emperour was blythe of chere,  
The terys traylyd downe on hys lere,  
He made fulle grete care.  
“ Allas,” he seyde, “ my feyre wyfe, 1180  
The beste lady that ever bare lyfe,  
Schalle y hur see no more ?  
Me were levyr then alle the golde  
That ever was upon molde,  
And sche alyve wore.” 1185  
The emperour gave Clement townys fele,  
To leve yn ryches and yn wele  
I-nowe for evyrmore.

On a nyght, as the chylde yn bedd lay,  
He thocht on hys feyre may, 1190  
Mekylle was he yn care !  
The chylde had nodur reste ne ro,  
For thocht how he myȝt come hur to,  
And what hym beste ware ;  
The chylde thocht for the maydyns sake 1195  
A message that he wolde make,

And to the sowdon fare.  
 On the morne he sadulde hys stede,  
 And armyd hym yn ryche wede,  
 A braunche of olefe he bare. 1200

Hyt was of messengerys the lawe,  
 A braunche of olefe for to have,  
 And yn ther honde to bere;  
 For the ordynaunce was so,  
 Messengerys schulde savely come and go, 1205  
 And no man do them dere.  
 The chylde toke the ryght way  
 To Cleremount, as hyt lay,  
 Wyth hym hys grete heere;  
 At the halle dore he reynyd hys stede, 1210  
 And on hys fete yn he yede,  
 A messengere as he were.

Than spake the chylde with hardy mode,  
 Before the sowdon there he stode,  
 As a man of moche myght. 1215  
 "The kyng of Fraunce me hedur sende,  
 And byddyth the owt of hys londe thou wynd,  
 Thou werryt ageyn the ryght!  
 Or he wylle brynge agenste the  
 xxx. thousande tolde be thre, 1220  
 With helmys and hawberkys bryght;  
 Eche knyzt schalle xxx. squyers have,  
 And every squyer a fote knave  
 Worthe an hethyn knyght."

Than began the sowdon to speke, 1225  
There he sate at hys ryche mete,  
    Amonge hys knyghtys kene.  
“The kyng of Fraunce shalle welcome be,  
Agenste oon he schalle have thre,  
    I wot, wythowten wene, 1230  
That also fayne are of fyght  
As fowle of day aftur nyght,  
    To schewe ther schyldys schene!  
To prove to morne be my lay,  
I wylle never set lenger day, 1235  
    Than schalle the sothe be sene.”

Than spekyth the mayde with mylde mode  
To feyre Florent there he stode,  
    That was so swete a wyght.  
“Messengere, y wolde the frayne, 1240  
Whedur he be knyght or swayne,  
    That ys so moche of myght,  
That hath my fadurs gyaunt slayne,  
And ravyschyd me fro borogh Larayne,  
    And slewe there many a knyght.” 1245  
Thogh sche movyd hym to ylle,  
3yt were hyt mykulle yn hur wyll  
    To have of hym a syght.

“Lady,” he seyde, “nodur lesse nor more,  
Than yf hyt myselfe wore, 1250  
    Syth thou wylt of me frayne ;  
Thou schalt me knowe yn alle the heere,  
Thy sleve y wyll bere on my spere

In the batelle playne.”  
Alle they wyste ther by than, 1255  
That he was the same man,  
That had the gyaunt slayne.  
Withowt ony odor worde,  
Alle they start fro the borde,  
With swyrdys and knyvyys drawyn ! 1260

Florent sawe none odor bote,  
But that he muste fyght on fote  
Agenste the Sarsyns alle.  
And evyr he hyt them amonge,  
Where he sawe the thykest thronge, 1265  
Fulle fele dud he them falle!  
Some be the armys he nome,  
That alle the schouldur with hym come,  
The prowdest yn the halle ;  
And some soche bofettys he lente, 1270  
That the hedd fro the body wente,  
As hyt were a balle!

Whan hys swyrde was y-brokyn,  
A Sarsyns legge hath he lokyn,  
Therwyth he can hym were ; 1275  
To the grounde he dud to go,  
vij. skore and some dele moo,  
That hethyn knyghtys were.  
The chylde made hym wey fulle gode,  
To hys stede there he stode, 1280  
Tho myght hym no man dere.



The chylde toke the ryght way  
To the cyté of Parys, as hyt lay,  
Thorow owt alle the heere.

The Crysten men were fulle blythe, 1285  
When they sye Florent come alyve,  
They wende he lorne had bene.

When he come nye the cyté,  
Agenste hym rode kyngys thre,  
And the emperour rode them betwene. 1290

The folke presyd hym to see,  
Every man cryed, "Whych ys he?"

As they hym nevyr had sene.  
To the pales was he ladd,  
And tolde them how he was be-stadd 1295  
Amonge the Sarsyns kene.

"Lordyngys, loke that ye ben yare,  
To the batelle for that fare,

And redy for to ryde ;  
To morne hyt muste nede be sene, 1300  
Whych ys hardy man and kene,  
We may no lenger byde."

The folke seyde they were blythe  
To wynde to the batelle swythe,  
In herte ys noght to hyde. 1305

A ryche clothe on borde was spradde,  
To make the chylde blythe and gladd,  
A kyng on aythur syde.

On the morne when hyt was day lyght,  
The folke can them to batelle dyght, 1310

Alle that wepyn myght welde.

There men myght see many a knyght,  
Wyth helmys and with hawberkys bryght,

Wyth sperys and wyth schylde ;

Wyth trumpys and with moche pryde, 1315  
Boldely owt of the borowe they ryde

Into a brode fylde.

The downe was bothe longe and brode,

There bothe partyes odur abode,

And eyther on odur behelde. 1320

Marsabelle, the maydyn fre,

Was broght the batelle for to see,

To Mountmertrous ovyr Seyn.

Florent hur sleve bare on hys spere,

In the batelle he wolde hyt were, 1325

And rode forthe yn the playne.

For that men schulde see by than,

That he was that ylke man,

That had the gyaunt slayne ;

And also for the maydyn free, 1330

That sche schulde hys dede see,

Therof sche was fayne.

That whyle was moche sorowe yn fyzt,

When the batelle began to smyte,

Wyth many a grevys wounde! 1335

Fro the morne that day was lyght,

Tylle hyt was evyn derke nyght,

Or eythur party wolde fownde.  
Florent can ever among them ryde,  
And made there many a sore syde, 1340  
That afore were softe and sownde.  
So moche people to dethe yode,  
That the stedys dud wade yn blode,  
That stremyd on the grounde!

There men myght see helmys bare, 1345  
Hedys, that fulle feyre ware,  
Lay to grounde lyght.  
The Crystyn party become so than,  
That the fylde they myzt not wyne,  
Alle arewyd hyt, kynge and knyght. 1350  
Florent smote wyth herte gode,  
Thorow helme ynto the hed hyt wode,  
So moche he was of myght!  
Thorow Godys grace and Florent there,  
The Crysten men the bettur were 1355  
That day yn the fyght.

The partyes were y-drawe away,  
And takyn was anodur day,  
That the batelle schulde bee.  
Florent rode toward borough Larayn, 1360  
Be the watur banke of Seyne,  
Moo aventurs for to see.  
The maydyn, whyte as lylly flowre,  
Lay yn a corner of hur towre,  
That was ferly, feyre, and free; 1365

Florent sche sye on fylde fare,  
Be the sleve that he bare  
Sche knewe that hyt was he.

Then spekyth the mayde, with mylde mode,  
To Olyvan, that be hur stode, 1370

And knewe hur prevyté ;  
“ Olyvan, how were beste to do,  
A worde that y myȝt speke hym to ?  
I-wysse then wele were me.”

Sche seyde, “ Lady, we two 1375  
Allone wylle be the rever go,

There as he may yow see.  
Yf he yow love with herte gode,  
He wylle not let for the flode,  
For a fulle gode stede hath he.” 1380

Forthe went the maydyns two,  
Be the rever syde can they goo,  
Them-selfe allone that tyde.

When Florent sawe that swete wyght,  
He sprange as fowle dothe yn flyght, 1385  
No lenger wolde he byde ;

The stede was so wondur gode,  
He bare the chylde ovyr the flode,  
Hym-selfe welle cowde ryde.

Grete yoye hyt was to see them meete 1390  
With clyppying and with kyssyng swete,  
In herte ys not [to] hyde.

“ Lady,” he seyde, “ welle ys me,  
A worde that y may speke with the,

So bryght thou art of hewe! . 1395  
 In alle thys worlde ys noon so fre,  
 Why ne wylle ye crystenyd be,  
 And syth of herte be trewe?"  
 Sche seyde, " Yf that ye myght me wynne,  
 I wolde forsake alle hethyn kynne, 1400  
 As thogh y them nevyr knewe.  
 And syth ye wolde me wedde to wyfe,  
 I wolde leve yn Crysten lyfe,  
 My yoye were evyr newe."

" Lady," he seyde, " wythowt fayle, 1405  
 How were beste yowre counsaile,  
 That y yow wynne myght?"  
 " Certys, ye never wynne me may,  
 But hyt were on that ylke day,  
 That ye have take to fyght, 1410  
 That ye wolde sende be the flode,  
 Wyth men that crafty were and gode,  
 A schyppe that welle were dyght.  
 Whylle that men are at that dere dede,  
 That whyle myȝt men me away lede 1415  
 To yowre cyté ryght.

" My fadur hath a noble stede,  
 In the worlde ys noon so gode at nede  
 In turnament ne yn fyght;  
 Yn hys hedd he hath an horne 1420  
 Schapon as an unycorne,  
 That selkowth ys be syght.

Syr, yf that ye hym myght wynne,  
 There were no man yn hethyn kynne  
 That hym wythstonde myght !" 1425

Florent kyste that feyre maye,  
 And seyde, "Lady, have gode day,  
 Holde that ye have hyght !"

Florent ynto the sadulle nome,  
 And ovyr the rever soon he come, 1130  
 To Parys he toke the way.

He ne stynt ne he ne blanne,  
 To Clementes hows tylle that he came,  
 Hys aventurs to say ;

He tolde hym of the noble stede, 1135  
 That gode was at every nede,  
 And of that feyre maye.

"Sone," seyde Clement, "be doghty of dede,  
 And, certes, thou schalt have that stede  
 To-morne, yf that y may." 1440

On the morne, when hyt was day lyzt,  
 Clement can hymselfe dyght  
 As an on-frely feere.

He dud hym ynto the hethen ooste,  
 There the prees was althermoost, 1445  
 A Sarsyn as thogh he were.

To the pavylowne he can hym wynne,  
 There the sowdon hymselfe lay ynne,  
 And brevely can he bere.

Fulle welle he cowde ther speche speke, 1450  
 And askyd them some of ther mete,  
 The sowdon can hym here.

Grete dole the sowdon of hym thoght,  
And soon he was before hym broght,

And wyth hym can he speke ; 1455  
He seyde he was a Sarsyn stronge,  
That yn hys oost had be longe,  
And had defawte of mete.

“Lorde, ther ys noon hethyn lede,  
That so welle cowde kepe a ryche stede, 1460  
Or othur horsys fulle grete.”  
The sowdon seyde that ylke tyde,  
Yf thou can a stede welle ryde,  
Wyth me thou schalt be lete.”

They horsyd Clement on a stede, 1465  
He sprang owt as sperkulle on glede,  
Into a feyre fylde.

Alle that stodyn on ylke syde  
Had yoye to see hym ryde,  
Before the sowdon they tolde. 1470  
When he had redyn coursys iij.,  
That alle had yoye that can hym see,  
The sowdon hym be-helde.

Downe he lyght fulle soon,  
And on a bettur was he done, 1475  
Fulle feyre he can hym welde.

Grete yoye the sowdon of hym tho3t,  
And bad hys feyre stede forthe be bro3t,  
And Clement shalle hym ryde.  
When Clement was on that stede, 1480  
He rode a-way a fulle gode spede,

No lenger wolde he byde.  
 When he was redy forth to fou[nde],  
 "Be-leve there," he seyde, "ye hethen h[ounde],  
 For ye have lorne yowre pryde." 1485  
 Clement toke the ryght way  
 Into Parys, as hyt lay,  
 Fulle blythe was he that tyde !

"Florent, sone, where art thou ?  
 That y the hyght, y have hyt [now], 1490  
 I have broght thy stede !"  
 Florent blythe was that day,  
 And seyde, "Fadur, yf y leve may,  
 I wylle the quyte thy mede.  
 But to the emperour of Rome 1495  
 Therwith y wylle hym present sone,  
 To the pales ye schalle hym lede ;  
 For evyr me thynkyth yn my mode,  
 That y am of hys own blode,  
 Yf hyt so poverly myght sprede." 1500

To the pales the stede was ladde,  
 And alle the kyngys were fulle gladd  
 Theron for to see.  
 The emperour before hym stode,  
 Ravyschyd herte and blode, 1505  
 So wondur feyre was he.  
 Then spekyth the chylde of honour  
 To hys lorde the emperour,  
 "Syr, thys stede geve y the."



Alle that abowte the chylde stode, 1510  
Seyde he was of gentulle blode,  
Hyt myght noon odur be.

Aftur thys the day was nomyn,  
That the batelle on schulde comyn  
Agenste the Sarsyns to fyght; 1515  
Wyth trumpys and with moche pryde,  
Boldely owt of the borogh they ryde,  
As men moche of myght!

Florent thoght on the feyre maye,  
To batelle wente he not that day, 1520  
A schyppe he hath hym dyght;  
Fro Mountmertrous there the lady lay,  
To Parys he broght hur away,  
Ne wyste hyt kynge ne knyght.

That whyle was moche sorowe yn fyzt, 1525  
When the batelle began to smyght  
With many a grymme gare;  
Fro morne that hyt was day lyght,  
Tylle hyt was evyn derke nyght,  
Wyth woundys wondur sore. 1530

For-why that Florent was not there,  
The hethyn men the bettur were,  
The batelle venquyscht they thore.  
Or Florent to the felde was comyn,  
Emperour and kynge were y-nomyn, 1535  
And alle that Crysten were.

Florent was of herte so gode,  
He rode thorow them [as] he was wode,  
As wyght as he wolde wede.  
Ther was no Sarsyn so moche of mayn, 1540  
That myzt hym stonde with strenkyth agayn,  
Tylle they had slayne hys stede ;  
Of Florent there was dele y-now,  
How they hys hors undur hym slowe,  
And he to grounde yede. 1545  
Florent was take yn that fyght,  
Bothe Emperour, kynge, and knyght,  
Woundyd they can them lede.

The Sarsyns buskyd them with pryde,  
Into ther own londys to ryde, 1550  
They wolde no lenger dwelle.  
Takyn they had syr Florawns,  
The Emperour and the kyng of Fraunce,  
Wyth woundys wondur fele.  
Othur Crystyn kyngys moo, 1555  
Dewkys, erlys, and barons also,  
That arste were bolde and swelle ;  
And ladd them with yron stronge,  
Hur fete undur the hors wombe,  
Grete dele hyt ys to telle ! 1560

Wyde the worde sprange of thys chawnce,  
How the Sowdon was yu Fraunce  
To warre agenste the ryght ;  
In Jerusalem, men can hyt here,  
How the Emperour of Rome was there 1565

Wyth many an hardy knyght.  
Than spekyth Octavyon the 3yng,  
Fulle feyre to hys lorde the kyng,  
As chylde of moche myght:  
“Lorde, yf hyt were yowre wyлле, 1570  
I wolde wynde my fadur tylle,  
And helpe hym yn that fyght.”

Than spekyth the kyng of moche myzt,  
Fulle fayre unto that yong knyght,  
Sore hys herte can blede. 1575  
“Sone, thou schalt take my knyghtes fele,  
Of my londe that thou wyлле wele,  
That styffe are on stede,  
Into Fraunce with the to ryde,  
Wyth hors and armys be thy syde, 1580  
To helpe the at nede;  
When thou some doghtynes haste done,  
Then may thou shewe thyn errande soone,  
The bettur may thou spede.”

He bad hys modur make hur yare, 1585  
Into Fraunce with hym to fare,  
He wolde no lenger byde.  
Wyth hur she ladd the lyenas  
That sche brozt owt of wyldurnes,  
Rennyng be hur syde; 1590  
There men myght see many a knyght,  
With helmys and with hawberkys bryght,  
Forthе yn-to the strete.

Forthe they went on a day,  
The hethyn ooste on the way 1595  
Alle they can them meete.

By the baners that they bare,  
They knewe that they hethyn ware,  
And styлле they can abyde.  
They dyzt them with bremus bryght, 1600  
And made them redy for to fyzt,  
Ageyn them can they ryde:  
They hewe the flesche fro the bone,  
Soche metyng was never none,  
Wyth sorow on ylke syde! 1605  
Octavyon, the yong knyght,  
Thorow the grace of God Almyght,  
Fulle faste he fellyd ther pryde.

The lyenas that was so wyght,  
When she sawe the yong knyght 1610  
Into the batelle fownde,  
Sche folowed hym with alle hur myzt,  
And faste fellyd the folke yn fyzt,  
Many sche made on-sownde!  
Grete stedys downe sche drowe, 1615  
And many hethen men sche slowe  
Wyth-ynne a lytulle stownde!  
Thorow God, that ys of myztes gode,  
The Crysten men the bettur stode,  
The hethyn were brozt to grownde! 1620

The Crysten prysoners were fulle fayne,  
When the Sarsyns were y-slayne,  
    And cryed, "Lorde, thyn ore."  
He ne stynt ne he ne blanne,  
To the prysoners tylle that he wanne, 1625  
    To wete what they were.  
The Emperour, wythowt lees,  
That hys own fadur was,  
    Bowndon fownde he there;  
The kyng of Fraunce and odur moo, 1630  
Dewkys, erlys and barons also,  
    Were woundyd wondur sore.

Hys fadur was the furste man  
That he of bondys to lowse began,  
    Ye wete, wythowten lees ; 1635  
And he lowsyd hys brodur Floraunce  
Or he dud the kyng of Fraunce,  
    3yt he wyste not what he was.  
Be that hys men were to hym comyn,  
Soon they were fro yrons nomyn, 1640  
    The pryncys prowde yn prees.  
Whan he had done that noble dede,  
The bettur he oght for to spede,  
    To make hys modur pees.

A ryche cyté was besyde, 1645  
Boldely thedur can they ryde  
    To a castelle swythe ;  
Ryche metys were there y-dyght  
Kynges, dewkys, erlys, and knyght,

Alle were gladd and blythe : 1650  
 Syth came Octavyon that yong with honour,  
 And knelyd before the emperour,  
     Hys errande for to kythe;  
 That ylke tale that he tolde,  
 Ryche and pore, yong and olde, 1655  
     Glad they were to lythe.

Hesejde, "Lorde, yn alle thys londe y have the soght  
 My modur have y with me broght,  
     I come to make hur pees ;  
 For a lesyng that was stronge, 1660  
 Sche was exylyd owt of yowre londe,  
     I prove that hyt was lees !"

The emperour was nevyr so blythe,  
 He kyssyd that yong knyght swythe,  
     And for hys sone hym chees ; 1665  
 For yoye that he hys wyfe can see,  
 vij. sythys swownyd he  
     Before the hye deyse!

Feyre Florent was fulle blythe  
 Of thes tydyngys for to lythe, 1670  
     And hys modur to see.  
 Than spekyth the lady of honowre  
 To hur lorde the emperour,  
     Wordys of grete pyté,  
 "Lorde, yn alle the sorow that me was wroght, 1675  
 Thyn own sone have y with me broght,  
     And kepyd hym wyth me.

Thyn odur sone yn a foreste  
Was takyn with a wylde beste,  
That was ferly, feyre, and fre. 1680

I wot hyt ys Godys grace,  
I knowe hym be hys face,  
Hyt ys that yong knyght by the!"

There was moche yoye and game,  
Wyth clyppying and with kyssyng same, 1685  
Into a chaumbur they yode.

Grete yoye there was also,  
The metyng of the brethurn two,  
That doghty were yn dede.  
A ryche feste the emperour made there 1690  
Of kynges that were farre and nere,  
Of many londys thede.

The tale who so redyth ryght,  
The feste lastyd a fourtenyght  
In jeste as we rede. 1695

Marsabelle, that feyre maye,  
Was aftur sente, the sothe to say,  
Fro Parys there sche was :  
Crystenyd sche was on a Sondag,  
Wyth yoye and myrthe, and moche play ; 1700  
Florent to wyfe hur chees.

Soche a brydale ther was there,  
A ryaller ther was never noon here,  
Ye wot withowten lees.  
Florent hymselfe can hur wedd, 1705  
And ynto Rome sche was ledd  
With pryncys prowde yn prees.

Than hyt befelle on a day,  
The emperour began to say,  
    And tolde the lordes how hyt was. 1710  
The ryche kynges gave jugement,  
The Emperours modur schulde be brent  
    In a tonne of brasse.  
As swythe as sche therof harde telle,  
Swownyng yn hur chaumbur she felle, 1715  
    Hur heere of can sche race;  
For schame sche schulde be provyd false,  
Sche schare a-to hur own halse  
    Wyth an analasse!

Therat alle the kynges loghe, 1720  
What wondur was thowe ther were no swoghe?  
    They toke ther leve that tyde;  
With trumpys and with mery songe,  
Eche oon went to hys own londe,  
    With yoye and with grete pryde. 1725  
With game and with grete honowre  
To Rome went the emperour,  
    Hys wyfe and hys sonys be hys syde.  
Jhesu Lorde, hevyn kynge,  
Graunt us alle thy blessing, 1730  
    And yn hevyn to abyde!

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## NOTES.

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Line 10.—*Yn bokys of ryme.*] The Lincoln MS. reads, “In the bukes of Rome,” meaning books in the Romance or Anglo-Norman language.

L. 22.—*Octavyan.*] Instead of this and the next two lines, the Lincoln MS. has,—

“Octovyane was his name thrugheowte,  
Everylke mane hade of hym dowte  
Whenne he was armede one stede.”

L. 45.—*Yeve.*] A misprint for *yene*. The Lincoln MS. has, “Thaire landis to rewle one ryghte.”

L. 59.—*Dyskever.*] Possibly some of the earlier MSS. may have read *dyskere*. In the Erle of Tolous, 636, Ritson unnecessarily altered *dyskevere* in the MS. to *dyskere*, but numerous instances might be adduced to prove that the first form may be the right one. When Sir F. Madden cites the last instance in support of the form *here*, he seems to have overlooked Ritson’s list of corrections, Met. Rom. iii. 223. The Lincoln MS. here reads, “Opyne ȝour herte unto me here.”

L. 66.—*And here.*] The Lincoln MS. reads,—

“For fay we salte hythen fownde.”

L. 72.—*Y slepe.*] The Lincoln MS. reads,—

“I slepe bot littille stownde.”

L. 83.—*With chyldren twoo.*] The whole of this introductory story is wanting in the version printed by Weber from

the Cottonian MS. It is there related that after Octavian had been emperor five years, he married the daughter of the king of France, and "yn the ferst yere," his lady gave birth to twin sons "as whytte as swan." The Lincoln MS. reads "knaue childire." The Hatton MS. in these particulars nearly agrees with Weber's version.

L. 116.—*A cokys knave.*] The boy who turned the spit, a turn-broach like Jack Hare. See Reliq. Antiq. i. 13, and Lydgate's Minor Poems, p. 52. Octavian credited his wife's dishonour more readily than Schahriar, and yet her presumed lover was hardly of as respectable a class in society as the queen's friends, the blacks.

L. 118.—*A sorowe to the.*] The Lincoln MS. reads,

"A sorowe there to his herte gane goo,  
That wordis moghte he speke no moo."

L. 132.—*Or sche were delyvyrd thare.*] After this line, the Lincoln MS. has the following ones:—

"Than said that lady to that knave,  
Hye the faste thi golde to hafe;  
Thou schalle be rewarde this nyghte."

L. 139.—*Hastyly was the knave uncladd.*] The Lincoln MS. reads:—

"Whatte for lufe and whatt for drede,  
Into the ladyes beedd he gede;  
He dyd als scho hyme badd."

L. 151.—*When he sawe that syght.*] The Lincoln MS. reads,—

"Bot whenne the emperoure sawe that syghte,  
For sorowe no worde speke he ne myghte,  
For he wexe nerhande wode!  
A scharpe baselarde owte he droghe,  
That gittles knave there he sloghe!  
Alle was by-blede with blode!"

L. 159.—*That was so swete a wyght.*] The Lincoln MS. reads, "Scho was a wofulle wyghte."

L. 171.—*The lasse was hur care.*] Instead of this and the following lines, the Lincoln MS. reads,—

“ And scho syghede fulle sare.  
The emperoure to the knave wente,  
The hede up by the hare he hente,  
And caste it tille hir thare.  
The lady blyschede up in the bedde,  
Scho saw the clothes alle by-blede,  
Fulle mekylle was hir care!  
Scho bygane to skryke and crye,  
And sythene in swonyng for to ly,  
Hirselfe scho wolde for-fare !”

L. 196.—*Metys.*] “ Myrthis,” Lincoln MS.

L. 206.—*Ninthe.*] “ Haghtene,” Lincoln MS.

L. 214.—*Wyth soche a treson.*] It is of course understood that the king here relates the previous tale.

L. 215.—*When.*] So in the MS., but we certainly ought to read *what*.

L. 241.—*The lady sawe.*] This and the two following lines are omitted in the Lincoln MS., but after l. 252, it inserts the following :—

“ The emperoure graunted hir righte so;  
Ilke a mane thane was fulle woo,  
That were that day in the felde.”

L. 245.—*On kneys sche felle.*] In the French romance she declares her innocence in the most pathetic manner, and adjures her husband to save her life, reminding him at the same time of his marriage oath :—

“ Por Diex, fait-ele, Otheviene,  
Or esgarde se tu fais bien.  
Quant tu à fame me pris,  
Tu me juras et plevi  
Que tu le mien cors garderoies,  
Come le tuen, si le pooies.  
Gentiex roi, par Diex entent,  
Se tu gardes ton sairement !”

L. 279.—*Yeste.*] The Lincoln MS. reads “romance;” and so also ll. 628, 1695.

L. 283.—*The knyghtys.*] The Lincoln MS. reads :—

“ Two sqwyers hir childyr bare  
In stede ther thay were never are,  
And intille uncouth thede :  
Whenne scho was flemyd that was so gent.”

L. 291.—*The wode was.*] The Lincoln MS. reads,—

“ And alle wylsome it semed to syghte.”

L. 304.—*Veryly.*] “ Ferly,” Lincoln MS.

L. 307.—*Clyff.*] “ Grene,” Lincoln MS.

L. 311.—*Wepte.*] The Lincoln MS. has “ grette,” which is probably the correct reading.

L. 315.—*No further myght sche gone.*] The Lincoln MS. reads, “ For sche was lefte allone.”

L. 341.—*Wodur.*] “ Other,” Lincoln MS.

L. 346.—*The lady sett hur on a stone.*] Instead of this and the next two lines, the Lincoln MS. reads,—

“ Bot for it was a kyng sone i-wysse,  
The lyones moghte do it no mys ;  
Bot forthe therwith scho ȝede.”

L. 350.—*A gryffyn.*] This fabulous animal, partly eagle and partly lion, is fully described by Sir John Maundevile. See Mr. Way's note in the Prompt. Parv. p. 212. It is constantly introduced in Romance literature. The French Romance calls the animal a dragon.

L. 359.—*Knowyth.*] The Lincoln MS. has *kouthē*, which is probably the true reading. In the next line, the same MS. reads “ kepid” instead of “ kepe.”

L. 382.—This and the next line are repetitions of ll. 346-7.

L. 408.—*Alle redy there.*] This line is placed after l. 402 in the Lincoln MS.

L. 440.—*Leng.*] “ Sowkand hir,” Lincoln MS.

L. 454.—*The bote they sente.*] In the French version this incident is much amplified. The crew attempt to persuade

her from the dangerous enterprise, but the only precautions their solicitude could prevail on her to adopt are those of a religious nature. She confesses herself to the chaplain of the vessel, and takes sacred vestments and holy water with her, and so prevails over the lioness.

L. 475.—*There men myght game se.*] The Lincoln MS. has a far worse reading,—

“There was thane bot lytille glee.”

L. 484.—*The furste londe.*] A very curious incident is here inserted in the Anglo-Norman romance, which will at once remind the reader of Spenser's Una. When the queen leads the lioness into the ship, the mariners, in a state of considerable perturbation, threaten to throw the queen and her infant overboard, unless their unwelcome visitor will consent to make its retreat. The queen soon pacifies them, however, by answering for its good behaviour; and, as it evinces no disposition to forfeit this character, they set sail, and continue for some time to live together very comfortably, “mult chierement.” One accident only occurs during their voyage to disturb this perfect harmony, the incident above alluded to. A drunken and ill-mannered fellow, “un homme ivre et mal apris,” pays his addresses to the queen, and having failed in his eloquence, attempts more violent measures to compass his design, which the lioness witnessing, speedily frustrates, by tearing him to pieces. The rest of the crew, reverencing the virtue of their beautiful companion, and feeling, probably, some additional respect for the fangs and teeth of her attendant, make no difficulty of acquiescing in a sense of the justice of his punishment. See Conybeare's Analysis, p. 11.

L. 489.—*And of the sonne leme.*] The Lincoln MS. reads, “of the dayes gleme.”

L. 501.—*There nere honde.*] The Lincoln MS. reads, “es scho went.”

L. 562.—*Hyt ys so feyre.*] The Lincoln MS. has,—

“It es comyne of gentille blode,  
We salle hym selle for mekille gude.”

L. 566.—*And to the cyté.*] “To the Grekkes se,” Lincoln MS.

L. 573.—*The velayn.*] For all particulars relative to this class of society, see Mr. Wright’s excellent paper in the last volume of the “Archæologia.”

L. 575.—*Ye, who wyll us.*] The Lincoln MS. reads,—

“The golde wille I for hym telle.”

L. 579.—*Or y hym selle may.*] The Lincoln MS. reads,—

“Are 3<sup>e</sup> hym so selle may.”

L. 587.—*xx. li.*] In the French romance, Clement is so eager to purchase the child, having been struck by his beauty, that he exposes himself to no small ridicule by voluntarily purchasing him at the extravagant price of a hundred pieces of gold. Scarcely has he concluded his bargain, before he begins to meditate with great seriousness on his imprudence, and its probable consequences: his meditations, however, produce no other effect than the additional expense of an ass, for the purpose of carrying the young foundling. See Conybeare’s Analysis, p. 7.

L. 597.—*That was hys beste rede.*] The Lincoln MS. reads,—

“And unto Paresche he 3<sup>e</sup>ede.”

L. 601.—*Callyd.*] “Haylsest,” Lincoln MS.

L. 613.—*Dame, seyde Clement.*] The Lincoln MS. reads,—

“Clement saide to his wyfe tho,  
Sen the childe is getyne so.”

L. 623.—*Tylle that he come.*] This and the next line are transposed in the Lincoln MS.

L. 640.—*vij.*] “Tuelve,” Lincoln MS.

L. 642.—*To be a chaungere.*] The Lincoln MS. reads,—

“To be a chawndelere.”

L. 645.—*To be.*] “Unto,” Lincoln MS.

L. 648.—“To use swylke mystere,” Lincoln MS.

L. 651.—“A semely syghte sawe he,” Lincoln MS.

L. 654.—“That semly was to see,” Lincoln MS.

L. 657,—“For that fowle so fre,” Lincoln MS.

L. 660.—“Florent was blythe in ble,” Lincoln MS. After l. 661, the Lincoln MS. has a leaf missing.

L. 672.—*Hym.*] This word is repeated in the MS. Florent’s fear that the “squyer” should wish to retract his bargain, is somewhat “more than natural.”

L. 731.—*Thou schalt have more.*] The reader will observe how carefully Florent’s chivalric character is kept up. This munificence is in perfect harmony with the conduct of the tale. In the Anglo-Norman romance he says,—

“Dis, estes-vous ivres?  
Qui me le faites trente livres?  
Ne voil pas que vous i perdés;  
Quarante livres en avrés.”

L. 801.—The conduct of the tale here seems to be somewhat different in the Lincoln MS., but a leaf being wanting, it is almost impossible to decide that question clearly. It appears, however, that in the Linc. MS. the giant wishes to strike a bargain with the sultan for his daughter, for f. 103 begins as follows, this extract reaching to l. 816 of our text.—

“Merveylle therof thynkes mee.  
If thou and alle this mene wille blynne,  
I wille undirtake to wynne  
Paresche, that stronge ceté;  
Bot Mersabele thane weedde I wille!”  
Sayd the Sowdanne, “I halde thertille,  
With thi that it so bee.”  
Arageous appone that same daye,  
To the Mount-Martyne ther the lady laye,  
The waye he take fulle ryghte;  
And hir hade lever dede to hafe bene,  
Thane hym in hir chambir to hafe sene,

So fulle he was of syghte!  
 He sayse, " Lemane, kysse me be-lyve,  
 Thy lorde me hase the graunte to wyefe,  
 And Paresche I hafe hym hyghte;  
 And I hete the witterly  
 The kynges hevede of Fraunce certanely,  
 To-morowe or it be nyghte!"

L. 821.—*A kysse wyllle y warne the noght.*] The Lincoln MS. reads,—

"Than shalle thou hafe thyne askynge."

L. 830.—*As hyt lay.*] "That ilke daye," Lincoln MS.

L. 852.—After this line, the Lincoln MS. has the following, not found in our version:—

Whenne he had slayne the knyghtes fyve,  
 Agayne to the walles gane he dryve,  
 And over the bretage gane lye:  
 "Kynge Dagaberde of Fraunce," he sayde,  
 "Come thi-selfe and fyghte a brayde,  
 For thi curtasye.  
 For I wille withe none other fyght,  
 Thi bevede I hafe my lemane highte,  
 Scho salle me kysse with thi;  
 And if thou ne wille noghte do so,  
 Alle this ceté I wille over-go,  
 Als dogges thane salle thay dy!"  
 Grete dole it was thane for to see  
 The sorowe that was in that ceté,  
 Bothe with olde and yonge;  
 For ther was nother kynge ne knyghte,  
 That with that geaunt thane durste fyghte,  
 He was so foulle a thyng!  
 And ay i-whills Arageous with his staffe,  
 Many a grete bofete he gaffe,  
 And the walles downe gane he dynge;  
 And thane gane alle the pepille crye  
 Unto God, and to mylde Marye,  
 With sorowe and grete wepyng!"

L. 858.—*The chylde harkenyd.*] After this line, the Lincoln MS. has the three following:—



"Oure kynges hede hase he highte  
 The Sowdane dogheter that es so bryghte,  
 For scho solde kysse hym thenne."

L. 862. This and the next two lines are omitted in the Lincoln MS.

L. 868. Instead of this, and the eight following lines, the Lincoln MS. reads as follows:—

"A! lorde, why ever thus many mene hym drede?

Me thynke I myghte do alle his nede,

And I were armede ryghte!"

Sayse Clement, "And thou therof speke,

I trow I salle thyne hede breke,

For had thou of hyme a syghte,

For alle this ceté wolde thou [not] habyde,

Bot faste a-waywarde wold thou ryde,

He es so fowle a wyghte!"

"A! fadir," he said, "takes to none ille,

For with the geaunt fighte I wille,

To luke if I dare byde;

And bot I titter armede be,

I salle noghte lett, so mote I the,

That I ne salle to hyme ryde."

Clement saide, "Sene thou wilt fare,

I hafe armoures swylke als thay are,

I salle thame lene the this tyde;

Bot this sevene ȝere sawe thay no sonne."

"Fadir," he sayd, "alle es wonne,

Ne gyffe I noghte a chide!"

"Bot, fadir," he sayde, "I ȝow praye,

That we ne make no more delaye,

Bot tyte I ware dyghte;

For I wolde noght for this ceté,

That another mane before me

Undir-tuke that fyghte."

"Nay! nay!" saise Clement, "I undirtake,

That ther wille none swylke maystrés make,

Nother kyng ne knyght;

Bot God sone sende the grace wirchipe to wyne,

And late me never hafe perelle therin,

To the dede if thou be dyghte."

L. 913.—*So bryght.*] “Unbryghte,” Lincoln MS. The satirical meaning implied in our text seems preferable.

L. 934.—*Breme.*] “Brené,” Lincoln MS.

L. 941.—*The chyldes.*] “His,” Lincoln MS. This is a better reading. See the previous line.

L. 957.—*Playes.*] “Lawes,” Lincoln MS. The three lines following this are omitted in the same MS.

L. 963.—*The sothe y wyllle yow say.*] A very common expression in old romances. By an accident, *sothlé* in a similar line in Audelay's Poems, p. 68, is misprinted *soyle*. The mistake was owing to some sheets of that work having been accidentally ordered for press before the final corrections had been made.

L. 970.—*Egur.*] “Sory,” Lincoln MS.

L. 983.—*The gyaunt swownyd.*] The Lincoln MS. reads, “he slewe the geaunt.”

L. 1001.—*Kyriulle there.*] “Surkott in hyr haulle,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1009.—*Hye.*] So in the MS. Qu. *Bye*?

L. 1019.—*Rode.*] “Wolde,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1034. “Fulle many a Sarazene made he to blede,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1065.—“That he ne fellede thame bydene,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1072.—*Egur.*] “Hedouse,” Lincoln MS. It would be difficult to point out a passage in the old romances more descriptive of an angry Sultan than the present.

L. 1088.—“And one his coloure and one his lyre,” Lincoln MS.

1097.—“That was fulle faire of blode and bane,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1113.—*Or thys.*] “Or thys daye,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1119.—*They wende he had be lorne.*] After this line, the following curious incident is related in the Lincoln MS :—

And whenne he come near the ceté,  
Agayne hym wente kynges thre,

And the Emperoure rode byforne;  
And to the palayse the childe was broghte,  
Fulle riche atyre thay for hym soghte,

Of golde and sylver schene;  
Mene callede hym Florent of Paresche,<sup>7</sup>  
For thus in romance tolde it es,

Thoghe he ther were noghte borne:  
And Clement for the childes sake  
Fulle faire to courte thay gane take,

And gaffe hym fulle riche wede;  
One softe seges was he sett,  
Amonge grete lordes at the mete

And servede of many riche brede.  
The chylde was sett with grete honowre  
Bytwixe the kyng and the emperoure,

His mete thay gane hym schrede;  
He was so curtayse and so bolde  
That alle hym lovede yonge and olde

For his doghety dede  
Noghte longe after, als I yow saye,  
The childe solde be knyghte that other daye,  
No lenger wolde thay habyde.

His atyre of golde was wroghte,  
Byfore the emperoure the childe was broghte,  
A kyng on aythir syde.

The kyng of Fraunce byfore hym yode,  
With mynstralles fulle many and gode,

And lede hym up with pryde;  
Clement to the mynstralles gan go,  
And gafe some a stroke, and some two,

There durste noghte one habyde!  
Clement so sorye was that daye  
For alle thaire costes that he solde paye,

That he gane wepe wele sore;  
And whills the kynges dauwnsede in the halle,  
Clement toke thaire mantills alle,

And to his howse thame bare;  
Thane the kynges gane thaire mantills myse,  
And ilke mane askede after his,

Where thay bycomene were;

Thane swore Clement by Goddes daye,  
 For ȝoure mete moste ȝe paye,  
     Or ȝe gete thame no more!"  
 There.att alle the kynges loghe,  
 There was joye and gamene y-noghe  
     Amonges thame in the haulle!  
 The kyng of Fraunce with hert ful fayne,  
 Said, "Clement, brynge the mantils agayne,  
     For I salle paye for alle."  
 Clement thore-of was fulle blythe,  
 And home he rane als so swythe  
     To his owene haulle,  
 And to the palays the mantils bare,  
 And bade thame take thame alle thare,  
     And downe he lette thame falle;  
 The burdes were sett and coverde alle,  
 Childe Florent was broghte into the haulle  
     With fulle mekille presse."

L. 1136.—*He wende hyt had ben merchandyse.*] This amusing incident is not found in the Cottonian MS. The preceding line is of course to be taken satirically. This part of the tale is conducted in a different manner in the Lincoln MS.

L. 1162.—*For xx. pownde.*] The Lincoln MS. reads "thritty," which does not agree with what is said previously at l. 587.

L. 1168.—*Fulle.*] "Als," Lincoln MS.

L. 1170.—"Thoghe he ne wiste whate he highte," Lincoln MS., which is on the whole a better reading.

L. 1175.—*Syr Florent.*] In the Anglo-Norman romance, the ceremony of knighthood is delayed by the interposition of the worthy Clement, who, bearing a most rooted antipathy to the profession of arms, uses all his eloquence to persuade the king from bestowing, and his foster son from receiving, so unprofitable and perilous a dignity. These kind-hearted exertions, however, serve only to draw upon him the ridicule and *gaberie* of the whole assembly; and, indeed, both here and elsewhere, the poet seems to have aimed at enlivening his fic-

tion by contrasting the simplicity and bourgeoisie of the villain with the heroic deportment of his more elevated characters. The ceremony, then, of investing Florent with his spurs was the next morning performed by the king himself, before the tale of Clement respecting his origin had been revealed. See Conybeare's Analysis, p. 28.

L. 1207.—*Ryght.*] “Heghe,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1255.—This and the next triplet are transposed in the Lincoln MS.

L. 1272.—*A balle.*] “A fote-balle,” Lincoln MS. This is a curious early notice of that game. The earliest mention of the sport produced by Strutt is in 1349. See his “Sports and Pastimes,” ed. Hone, p. 100.

L. 1274.—“A mete-forme he gatt percas,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1277.—*Vij.*] “Ten,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1284.—*Alle the.*] “The heythene,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1285.—There are many variations and much additional matter in the Anglo-Norman romance. When the Sultan heard of Florent's escape, and the loss of his men, he was irritated beyond all bounds, and vented his rage upon his idol Mahomet, giving him four blows with his truncheon, and declaring him to be of less value than a brace of dead dogs. Mahomet was, however, somewhat recompensed for his bruises, by the grateful, though silent, praises and thanks bestowed on him by the love-sick Marsabelle, for thus kindly conniving at the escape of her admirer. Afterwards, when the king of France was nearly vanquished in the battle with the Saracens, perceiving that no human efforts could avail to extricate himself and his people from their calamitous situation, he addresses himself fervently, though hastily, to the Deity. Scarcely had he uttered the prayer, when twenty thousand warriors, mounted on milk-white steeds, and clad in armour of the same colour, and of a most dazzling brightness, were seen rapidly to descend from the heights of Montmartre. On

their nearer approach, it was discovered that this angelic chivalry was headed by the illustrious champion of Christianity, St. George; and it is almost needless to add that their interposition at once turned the scale of battle in favour of their votaries. For other particulars we must refer the reader to Conybeare's Analysis.

L. 1295.—*Was be-stadd.*] “Had spede,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1312.—*Knyght.*] “Wyghte,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1321.—*The.*] “That,” Lincoln MS. The same variation occurs in the next line.

L. 1333.—*Fyzt.*] “Syte,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1340.—*Sore.*] “Sory,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1370.—*Olyvan.*] The Lincoln MS. here and in other places calls this damsel *Olyve*.

L. 1382.—*Be the rever syde.*] The Lincoln MS. reads,—

“Owte of the castelle gane thay goo

By the revere syde.”

L. 1449.—*Brevely.*] “Brymly,” Lincoln MS., which is a better reading. The same MS. has the next two lines transposed.

L. 1467.—*Into a.*] “Appone a fulle,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1470.—*The sowdon they tolde.*] The Lincoln MS. has “the sowdans telde,” *i. e.* tent, which is evidently the true reading.

L. 1485.—*For ye have lorne yowre pryde.*] This incident of Clement stealing the wonderful horse is related with much force in the version printed by Weber. We miss here his going into Spain and other countries to obtain the guise and manner of a pilgrim, their tales and songs. The stratagem in our text is worked with much greater ease, and it is somewhat remarkable that the curious condition that no one could ride the horse “but a bloman be hym bysyde,” is altogether wanting.

This part of the version in Weber's edition is worth

quoting, and we therefore take the opportunity of giving a specimen of it:—

Sche seyde, “Yf ye denketh spede,  
To my tale now taketh hede;  
My fadyr hath an horned stede  
Of Arabye,  
Whyle he hym hath dar hym naght drede  
Of your maystrye.

“No man may on that stede ryde  
But a bloman be hym bysyde,  
That hath y-kept hym fer and wyde  
Fram Grece to Troye:  
For he hym maketh, with moche pride,  
A nyse coye.

“The coye ys with hys handys two,  
Clappynde togedere to and fro;  
He ys swyftyer than ony roo  
Under lynde.  
In ech bateyle he well slo  
Before and behynde.

“An unycorn begat that fole  
On a rabyte, as blakke as cole.”  
Than seyde Clement, “He schall be stole  
With som queyntys,”—  
And bad that counsell schuld be hole  
Style yn Parys.

Pyk and palm, schryppe and slaveyn,  
He dyghte hym as a palmer queynt of gyn;  
Be Seyne water, seyde the Latyn,  
Without bost,  
Maryners hym broghte to the maryn  
Of Gene cost.

He turnede abowte Galys and Spayne,  
Lumbardy and also Almeyne;  
Of other palmers he gan frayne  
Lesynges quaynte,  
As ech man behovyð that ys yn payne  
Hys tale paynte.

Be the Soudanes est whan he was come,  
Well hastylyche he was y-nome;  
Before the Soudan, the greet gome,  
Servantes hym broghte.  
Now herkeneth, frendes all and som,  
How Clement wroght!

The Soudan askede, whannes he cam.  
 He seyde he come fro Jerusalem,  
 Fram the sepulcre of Bedlem,  
     In pylgremage,—  
 “And ther y have lette myn em  
     For strong hostage.

Whannes he was men gon hym freyne :  
 He seyde he was of Greet-Breteyne,—  
 “In Artour's court a man of mayne  
     I have y-be yore :  
 Of hys greet hors y was wardeyne  
     Sene yere and more.”

For to blere the Soudanes ye  
 Queynte lesynges he gan to lye,  
 And seyde he hadde lerned marchalsye,  
     Both fer and neygh ;  
 In Ynde, Europe, Aufryke, and Asye,  
     Ther nas noon so sleygh ;

And all maner of hors he knew,  
 Bothe the lake and the vertu.  
 “Ther ys, he sayde, Cristen neyther Jew  
     That conne me teche.”  
 The Soudan that was blak of hew,  
     Logh of hys speche.

The Soudan sayde : “I have a stede,”—  
 (He swere as Mahon schuld hym spede),  
 “Yf thou kanst telle all the dede  
     Of hys kende,  
 Thou schalt have of me riche mede  
     Ere that thou wende.”

The stede was broght out of stable ;  
 The bloman hym ladde with a cable,  
 Tho seyde Clement : “Without fable,  
     O, ser Soudan,  
 In the world nys hors so profytable  
     As thou hast oon.

“Thys ys a stede of Arabye,  
 Be hys horn I gan hyt aspye,  
 An unycorn, with greet maystrye,  
     Begat hyt thare  
 A rabyte, y<sup>e</sup> se hyt with my ye,  
     Therto was mare.

“Hyt ys swyfter than hert other hynde,  
 Or ro that renneth under lynde;



He feyght before hym and behynde  
In ech batayle.

Ther nys no man of Crysten kynde  
That myghte the asayle,

Whyle thou on thy stede hovyst."—  
Tho hadde the Soudan wonder mest,  
And seyde : " Palmer, ryghtly thou arest  
All the maner.

Darst thou ryde upon thys best  
To the ryvere,

" And water hym that thou ne falle?  
Thanne wylle we seye among us all,  
That thou hast be yn Artourys halle  
Hys prys marschalle,  
And therefore a robe of ryche palle  
Y yeue the schall."

Clement nere the stede stapte,  
He whyslede and hys hondys clapte;  
Thorgh Godes grace well he hapte,—  
He nas noght ydell,—  
In the stedes mouth he rapte  
An huge brydel.

The brydel was made of chaynys,  
Of grete haspys wer the reynys.  
Erles, barons, knyghtes, and swaynes  
Of Clement spak,  
How he lepte with myght and maynes  
On the stede back ;

And with a peyre sporys of Speyne,  
He smot the stede with myght and mayne,  
And rood ryght over the water of Seyne,  
Ryght to the cyté.  
The Emperour of Almeyne  
That syght gan se,

And lette opene the gettys wyde,  
And Clement yn began to ryde.  
The Soudan began up hys godes chyde  
For that myschaunce.  
Clement presentede with that stede  
The Kyng of Fraunce.

L. 1500.—*Yf hyt.*] The Lincoln MS. reads,—  
" So prodly if I moghte spede."

L. 1507. From this line to l. 1538 inclusive, the Lincoln MS. is imperfect, having been torn down the middle; l. 1549 to l. 1625 inclusive are quite wanting; and l. 1626 to l. 1659 are very imperfect in that MS., which has been sadly mutilated in this place.

L. 1651.—*With.*] “With grete,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1654.—*He.*] “He thore,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1660. This and the next triplet are transposed in the Lincoln MS., and ll. 1672-5 are omitted.

L. 1677.—*Kepyd.*] “*3*emedede,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1682.—*Hys.*] “His faire,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1713.—*Tonne.*] “Belle,” Lincoln MS.

L. 1721.—*What wondur was.*] The Lincoln MS. reads,—  
“There was joye and gamene ynowghe.”

L. 1728.—*Hys wyfe and hys sonys.*] Instead of this and the two following lines, the Lincoln MS. thus concludes,—

And his two sonnes also,  
And with thame many one mo,  
Home thane gane thay ryde.  
And thus endis Octoveane,  
That in his tyme was a doghety mane,  
With the grace of Mary free!  
Now, Jhesu, Lorde of hevene kyng,  
Thou gyffe us alle thi dere blyssynge,  
Amen, Amene, per charyté! Amen.

END.

















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